

**G**ATHERED LEAVES  
**OF**  
**SUNDAY SCHOOL**  
**SONG.**

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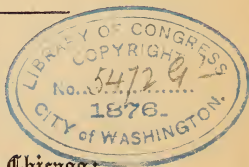
# GATHERED LEAVES

OF

## SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG.

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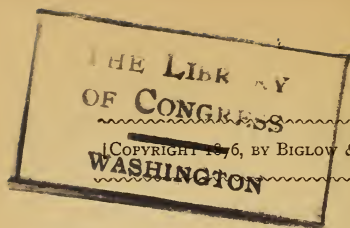
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REV. WM. H. NEILSON, JR.  
“



New York and Chicago:

PUBLISHED BY BIGLOW & MAIN,

1876.



BV520  
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## PREFACE.

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This Compilation was originally designed to supply a want felt in the Sunday Schools of St. Michael's Church, Trenton, N. J. No one publication of Sunday School hymns seemed exactly adapted to meet this want. How to secure the desired variety in words and music, tunes suited to catch the ear and be retained in the memory of a child, words teaching the precious truths of the Gospel, and an arrangement following the beautiful order of the Ecclesiastical Year—was a problem which could be solved to our satisfaction only by combining in one convenient volume, the excellences of the many books already published. This end, it is hoped, is attained in these "Gathered Leaves of Sunday School Song."

They will be found to embrace some of the choicest hymns in most of the popular hymn-books, generally breathing forth in simplest language the truth as it is in Jesus. As the notes are of very little use to children and would increase considerably the cost of the book, they are omitted; except in those instances where they are

attainable only in sheet music, in which case they are published at the end of the book. In every other case the title of the book in which the music may be found, with the page, accompanies each hymn, and, as far as possible also, the metre, so that other tunes may be used if desired. It is believed that the classification and arrangement of the hymns will prove most convenient for reference. Knowing that the same want which we have expressed is felt in other Sunday Schools, and believing that it is more widely felt than expressed, the Compiler ventures to bring this collection before the church with the hope that it may aid in the important work of training children and youth to sing the songs of Zion.

The kindness of the following persons in allowing me the use of their copyright music is hereby gratefully acknowledged :

MR. H. MILLARD for all hymns from "Millard's Sunday School Chaplet,"

F. J. HUNTINGTON & CO. for the hymns from "The Parish Hymnal."

E. P. DUTTON & CO. for the hymns from "The Sunday School Chant and Tune Book" and from "Hollister's Sunday School Service and Tune Book."

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY for use of hymns from "Happy Voices."

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL BOOK AND PUBLISHING HOUSE (1018 Arch St., Phila.) for use of hymns from "Gems of Praise."

As well as to the publishers, BIGLOW & MAIN, for use of hymns from "Book of Praise," "Royal Diadem," "Pure

Gold," "Winnowed Hymns," "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs," "Bright Jewels," "Bradbury Trio," "Fresh Laurels," "Hymnary," "Songs of Devotion," "Songs for Little Folks," "Clariona" and "Songs of Salvation."

The only other books to which reference is made, are "The Prize," published by JOHN CHURCH & Co., Cincinnati, O., and the "Hymns Ancient and Modern," which may be purchased at any of the Protestant Episcopal bookstores.

Thanks are tendered to all others who have permitted me to use words or music of their own composition. I also desire to acknowledge the valuable assistance of LEWIS H. REDNER, Esq., of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, to whose suggestion as to the enlarged scope of this book, taste in the selection of music, and co-operation at the outset I am greatly indebted—and also of Mr. HUBERT P. MAIN, who has especially aided me in the compilation and preparation of this work for the press.

Trenton, N. J., Lent, 1876.

W. H. NEILSON, JR.



# GATHERED LEAVES

OF

## SUNDAY SCHOOL SONG.



MORNING.

1.

Tune, Parish Hymnal, p. 7 III. 1.

JESUS, holy, undefiled,  
Listen to a little child ;  
Thou hast sent the glorious light  
Chasing far the silent night.

- 2 Thou hast sent the sun to shine  
O'er this glorious world of Thine ;  
Warmth to give, and pleasant glow,  
On each tender flower below.
- 3 Now the little birds arise,  
Chirping gaily in the skies ;  
Thee their tiny voices praise  
In the early songs they raise.
- 4 Thou by whom the birds are fed,  
Give to me my daily bread ;  
And Thy Holy Spirit give,  
Without whom I cannot live.
- 5 Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,  
As becomes a little child ;  
All day long, in every way,  
Teach me what to do and say.

- 6 Help me never to forget,  
That in Thy great book is set  
All that children think and say  
For the awful Judgment Day.
- 7 Let me never say a word  
That will make Thee angry, Lord ;  
Help me so to live in love,  
As Thine angels do above.
- 8 Make me, Lord, in work and play,  
Thine more truly every day ;  
And when Thou at last shall come,  
Take me to Thy heavenly home.

Mrs. E. SHEPCOTE, 1840.

## 2.

S. S. Chant and Tune Book, p. 31. C. M.

THE morning bright,  
With rosy light,  
Hath waked me from my sleep ;  
Father, I own  
Thy love alone  
Thy little one doth keep.

- 2 All through the day,  
I humbly pray,  
Be Thou my guard and guide ;  
My sins forgive,  
And let me live,  
Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

3 Oh, make Thy rest  
 Within my breast,  
 Great Spirit of all grace ;  
 Make me like Thee,  
 Then shall I be  
 Prepared to see Thy face

REV. THOMAS O. SUMMERS, D. D., 1846.

### 3.

Millard's S. S. Chaplet, p. 31. P. M.

**D**ARKLY now the shadows fall,  
 Weary birds have gone to sleep ;  
 Far away the angels call  
 Little ones to slumber deep !  
 Saviour keep us through the night,  
 In Thy kind and loving care :  
 While the stars are sweet and bright  
 Let us fold our hands in prayer !—  
 Fold our little hands in prayer !  
 Let us fold our hands in prayer !

2 Saviour watching from the skies,  
 Let Thy blessing on us fall !  
 Through the gloom that round us lies,  
 Father, keep and shelter all !  
 Kindly take a little child  
 In Thy sweet and holy care—  
 Gentle Saviour, meek and mild,  
 Let us fold our hands in prayer,—  
 Fold our little hands in prayer !  
 Let us fold our hands in prayer !

GEORGE COOPER, 1872.

## 4.

The Hymnary, p. 40. P. M.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
 Lead Thou me on;  
 The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
 Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see  
 The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
 Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
 Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
 Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still  
 Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
 The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile  
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Rev. JOHN H. NEWMAN, D. D., 1833.

## 5.

S. S. Chant and Tune Book, p. 164. 6s & 4s.

HARK! 'tis the Watchman's cry,  
 Wake, brethren, wake!

Jesus our Lord is nigh,

Wake, brethren, wake!

Sleep is for sons of night;

Children are ye of light;

Yours is the glory bright;

Wake, brethren, wake!

- 2 Call to each working band,  
    Watch, brethren, watch !  
Clear is our Lord's command,  
    Watch, brethren, watch !  
Be ye as men that wait  
All at the Master's gate ;  
E'en though He tarry late,  
    Watch, brethren, watch !
- 3 Heed ye the Steward's call,  
    Work, brethren, work !  
There's work enough for all ;  
    Work, brethren, work !  
This Vineyard of the Lord  
Fresh labor will afford  
Yours is a sure reward,  
    Work, brethren, work !
- 4 Hear ye the Shepherd's voice,  
    Pray, brethren, pray !  
Would ye His heart rejoice ?  
    Pray, brethren, pray !  
Sin calls for constant fear ;  
Long as we struggle here,  
We need the strong One near :  
    Pray, brethren, pray !
- 5 Now sound the final chord,  
    Praise, brethren, praise !  
Thrice holy is our Lord ;  
    Praise, brethren, praise !

What more befits our tongues,  
Leading the angels' songs,  
While Heaven the note prolongs?  
Praise brethren, praise!

## 6.

Parish Hymnal, p. 24. 8s, 7s & 4.

**L**O! He comes in clouds descending,  
Once for favored sinners slain;  
Thousand thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of His train:  
Alleluia!  
Christ appears on earth again.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him  
Robed in dreadful majesty;  
They who set at naught and sold Him,  
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Those dear tokens of His passion  
Still His wounded body bears;  
Cause of endless exultation  
To His ransomed worshippers:  
With what rapture  
Gaze we on those glorious scars.
- 4 Yea, amen, let all adore Thee,  
High on Thy eternal throne;  
Saviour, take the power and glory;

Claim the kingdoms for Thine own :  
 O, come quickly !  
 Alleluia ! Amen.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1758.

7.

Happy Voices, No. 55. III. 2.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,  
 What its signs of promise are :  
 Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height  
 See that glory-beaming star !  
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray  
 Aught of hope or joy foretell ?  
 Traveller, yes, it brings the day,  
 Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night ;  
 Higher yet that star ascends :  
 Traveller, blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth, its course portends.  
 Watchman, will its beams alone  
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?  
 Traveller, ages are its own,  
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
 For the morning seems to dawn :  
 Traveller, darkness takes its flight,  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease ;  
 Hie thee to thy quiet home :  
 Traveller, lo, the Prince of Peace,  
 Lo, the Son of God is come !

Sir JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

## 8.

S. S. Chant and Tune Book, p. 67. III. 3.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,  
Ye who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.

Come and worship, come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King:  
Come and worship, come and worship,  
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night;  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the Infant light.  
Come and worship, &c.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great Desire of nations,  
Ye have seen His natal star.  
Come and worship, &c.

4 Saints before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear;  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In His temple shall appear.  
Come and worship, &c.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

## 9.

Songs of Salvation, p. 130. P. M.

CAROL, sweetly carol,  
A Saviour born to-day;



Bear the joyful tidings,  
Oh, bear them far away :  
Carol, sweetly carol,  
Till earth's remotest bound  
Shall hear the mighty chorus,  
And echo back the sound.  
*Cho.*—Carol, sweetly carol,  
Carol sweetly to-day ;  
Bear the joyful tidings,  
Oh, bear them far away.

2 Carol, sweetly carol,  
As when the angel throng  
O'er the vales of Judah,  
Awoke the heavenly song :  
Carol, sweetly carol,  
Good will, and peace, and love,  
Glory in the highest  
To God who reigns above.  
Carol, sweetly, &c.

3 Carol, sweetly carol,  
The happy Christmas time ;  
Hark ! the bells are pealing  
Their merry, merry chime ;  
Carol, sweetly carol,  
Ye shining ones above,  
Sing in loudest numbers,  
Oh, sing redeeming love.  
Carol, sweetly, &c.

## 10.

Music on p. 167. P. M.

GATHER around the Christmas Tree !  
Gather around the Christmas Tree !

Ever green

Have its branches been,

It is king of all the woodland scene :

For Christ, our King, is born to-day

His reign shall never fade away.

*Cho.*—Hosanna ! hosanna !

Hosanna in the highest !

2 Gather around the Christmas Tree !

Gather around the Christmas Tree !

Once the pride

Of the mountain side,

Now cut down to grace our Christmas tide :

For Christ from heaven to earth came down,

To gain, through death, a nobler crown. *Cho.*

3 Gather around the Christmas Tree !

Gather around the Christmas Tree !

Every bough

Bears a burden now

They are gifts of love for us, we trow ;

For Christ is born, His love to show,

And give good gifts to men below. *Cho.*

4 Gather around the Christmas Tree !

Gather around the Christmas Tree !

Tapers bright

In the branches light  
Till our eyes all shine at the goodly sight :  
For Christ, our Light, is born to-day,  
His glory ne'er shall fade away.

*Cho.*—Hosanna ! &c.

*(The last two verses are to be sung after the distribution of gifts.)*

5 Farewell to thee, O Christmas Tree !  
Farewell to thee, O Christmas Tree !  
Thy part is done,  
And thy gifts are gone,  
And thy lights are dying one by one ;  
For earthly pleasures die away,  
But heavenly joys shall last always.

*Cho.*—Hosanna ! &c.

6 Farewell to thee, O Christmas tree !  
Farewell to thee, O Christmas tree !  
Twelve months o'er,  
We shall meet once more,  
Merry welcome singing, as of yore :  
For Christ now reigns, our Saviour dear,  
And gives us Christmas every year !

*Cho.*—Hosanna ! &c.

REV. JOHN HENRY HOPKINS, JR.

## 11.

Music on p. 161. P. M.

HAIL ! blessed Christmas day,  
When angels bright,  
Who came by night,  
Once sang this joyful lay ;

“Glory to God, and peace on earth,  
Good-will to men” at Jesus’ birth,  
Then sing aloud the glad refrain:  
Hail! blessed Christmas, back again!

2 Hail! happy Christmas day,  
Children, rejoice  
With heart and voice—  
Chase all sad thoughts away.  
Jesus was born your souls to bless,  
To cleanse them from unrighteousness.  
Then sing aloud the glad refrain:  
Hail! happy Christmas, back again!

3 Hail! merry Christmas day!  
The loaded Tree,  
Bright let it be  
With toys and candle-ray:  
Amidst these gifts remember too  
The precious gift God gave to you.  
Then sing aloud the glad refrain:  
Hail! merry Christmas, back again!

4 Hail! holy Christmas day!  
Devoutly raise  
Your grateful lays;  
With reverent spirit pray  
That God would make each little one  
A follower of His own dear Son.  
Then all prolong the glad refrain:  
Hail! holy Christmas, back again!

Rev. WM. H. NEILSON, JR.

## 12.

Royal Diadem, p. 64. P. M.

**H**ALLELUJAH! hark! from above  
Angels come on their wings of love;  
Loud hosannas welcome the morn;  
Christ our Redeemer's born.

*Cho.*—"Glory to God" the choral strain;  
"Glory to God" the sweet refrain;  
"Glory, glory, glory to God!"  
Christ our Redeemer's born.

2 Chiming, chiming, hark! 'tis the bells;  
Joy to all now their music tells;  
Floating onward, greeting the morn;  
Christ our Redeemer's born. *Cho.*

3 Hallelujah! joyful we sing,  
While we praise our exalted King;  
Let our carol welcome the morn;  
Christ our Redeemer's born. *Cho.*

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1873.

## 13.

Hollister's S. S. S. and Tune Book, p. 36. 7s & 6s.

**H**OW precious is the story  
Of our Redeemer's birth;  
Who left the realms of glory,  
And came to dwell on earth!  
He saw our sad condition,  
Our guilt, and sin, and shame;  
To save us from perdition,  
The blessed Jesus came.

- 2 He came to earth from heaven,  
 To weep, and bleed, and die,  
 That we might be forgiven,  
 And raised to God on high.  
 His kindness and compassion,  
 To children then were shown ;  
 The heirs of His salvation,  
 He claimed them for His own.
- 3 Oh ! may I love this Saviour,  
 So good, so kind, so mild !  
 And may I find His favor,  
 A young, though sinful child.  
 And in His blissful heaven,  
 May I at last appear,  
 With all my sins forgiven,  
 To know and praise Him there.

## 14.

Winnowed Hymns, p. 94. III. 3.

- LIKE the sound of many waters  
 Rolling on, through ages long,  
 In a tide of rapture breaking,—  
 Hark ! the mighty choral song !  
*Cho.*—Hallelujah ! hallelujah !  
 Let the heavenly portals ring !  
 Christ is born, the Prince of glory !  
 Christ the Lord, Messiah, King !
- 2 Lo ! the Morning Star appeareth,  
 O'er the world His beams are cast ;  
 He the Alpha and Omega,  
 He, the Great, the First, the Last ! *Cho.*

- 3 Clap your hands with exultation !  
     Sing aloud, rejoice with mirth,  
 Peace her silver wing hath folded:—  
     Lo ! she comes to dwell on earth ! *Cho.*
- 4 Saviour, not with costly treasure,  
     Do we gather at Thy throne,  
 All we have, our hearts we give Thee,—  
     Consecrate them Thine alone. *Cho.*

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1873.

## 15.

Milliard's S. S. Chaplet, p. 55. 6s & 5s.

**L**IST our merry carol,  
 On this blessed morn !  
 For our loving Saviour  
     Christmas day was born.  
 There so peaceful sleeping,  
     Like a flow'r He lay;  
 ||: Christ our loving Saviour,  
     Born on Christmas day. :||  
*Cho.*—Carol, carol gaily,  
     Carol on our way,  
     Christ our loving Saviour  
     Born on Christmas day.

- 2 See the star is beaming  
     In the radiant East !  
 And the song of glory  
     Nevermore hath ceased.  
 “ Banish all unkindness ;

Be of gentle will!"  
 ||: Angels ever near us  
 Carol to us still. :|| *Cho.*

3 Joyful, joyful tidings  
 Break upon the earth!  
 Sing the Saviour's glory—  
 Tell his wondrous worth!  
 Every hill and valley  
 Clad in pure white snow,  
 ||: Breathes a merry carol,  
 Echoed sweet and low. :|| *Cho.*

GEORGE COOPER, 1872.

## 16.

Book of Praise, p. 26. P. M.

MERRY, merry Christmas everywhere!  
 Cheerily it ringeth through the air;  
 Christmas bells, Christmas trees,  
 Christmas odors on the breeze.  
 Merry, merry Christmas everywhere!  
 Cheerily it ringeth through the air;  
 Why should we so joyfully  
 Sing, with grateful mirth?  
 See! the Sun of Righteousness  
 Beams upon the earth!

2 Merry, merry Christmas everywhere!  
 Cheerily it ringeth through the air;  
 Christmas bells, Christmas trees,  
 Christmas odors on the breeze.  
 Merry, merry Christmas everywhere!  
 Cheerily it ringeth through the air;



Light for weary wanderers,  
 Comfort for th' oppressed!  
 He will guide His trusting ones  
 Into perfect rest.

- 3 Merry, merry Christmas everywhere !  
 Cheerily it ringeth through the air ;  
 Christmas bells, Christmas trees,  
 Christmas odors on the breeze :  
 Merry, merry Christmas everywhere !  
 Cheerily it ringeth through the air ;  
 Deeds of Faith and Charity ;  
     These our off'rings be,  
 Leading every soul to sing,  
     Christ was born for me !

Mrs. REBECCA S. COOK, 1870.

# 17.

Music on p. 168. IV. 4.

O BLESSED Lord Jesus, we sing to Thy praise,  
 The sweetest glad songs that our voices can  
 With joy do we hasten Thy coming to greet, [raise,  
 And hailing Thee Saviour, bend low at Thy feet.

*Chorus.*

The angels are singing Thy praise through the sky,  
 Earth's glad voices ringing shall join theirs on high,  
 Deep unto deep calleth, thanksgiving to raise,  
 And mountains and valleys break forth into praise.

- 2 O blessed Lord Jesus, we heed not that Thou  
 Hast come to the earth in humility now ;  
 We know that the prophets and sages of old  
 No glory and pomp at Thy coming foretold.

*Cho.*—The angels are singing, &c.

- 3 O blessed Lord Jesus, Thy coming to earth  
 Has given earth's children a glorious birth;  
 Now God is our Father, our Brother Thou art,  
 Make quickly Thy home in each fond waiting heart.  
*Cho.*—The angels are singing, &c.

- 4 O blessed Lord Jesus, bright Star of the night,  
 Make glad all the nations that walk in Thy light;  
 Shine on in Thy brightness, the heathen to bless,  
 Till all tongues united Thy name shall confess.  
*Cho.*—The angels are singing, &c.

MISS KATE INGMIRE.

# 18.

Music on p. 166. P. M.

**O** LITTLE town of Bethlehem!  
 How still we see thee lie:  
 Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,  
 The silent stars go by;  
 Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
 The Everlasting Light;  
 The hopes and fears of all the years,  
 Are met in thee to-night.

- 2 For Christ is born of Mary,  
 And gathered all above,  
 While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
 Their watch of wondering love;  
 O morning stars together  
 Proclaim the holy birth!  
 And praises sing to God the King,  
 And peace to men on earth.

- 3 How silently, how silently,  
 The wondrous gift is given ;  
 So God imparts to human hearts  
 The blessings of His heaven ;  
 No ear may hear His coming,  
 But in this world of sin,  
 Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
 The dear Christ enters in.
- 4 O holy Child of Bethlehem !  
 Descend to us we pray ;  
 Cast out our sin and enter in,  
 Be born in us to-day ;  
 We hear the Christmas angels,  
 The great glad tidings tell,—  
 O, come to us, abide with us,  
 Our Lord Emmanuel !

Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

## 19.

Book of Praise, p. 27. 8s & 7s, pec.

- ONCE, in royal David's city,  
 Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
 Where a mother laid her Baby  
 In a manger, for His bed :  
 Mary was that mother mild,  
 Jesus Christ her little Child.
- 2 He came down to earth from heaven,  
 Who is God and Lord of all,  
 And His shelter was a stable,  
 And His cradle was a stall ;  
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly,  
 Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.

- 3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,  
He would honor, and obey,  
Love, and watch the lowly maiden,  
In whose gentle arms He lay ;  
Christian children all must be  
Mild, obedient, good, as He.
- 4 For He is our childhood's pattern,  
Day by day, like us, He grew ;  
He was little, weak and helpless,  
Tears and smiles, like us, He knew ;  
And He feeleth for our sadness,  
And He shareth in our gladness.
- 5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,  
Through His own redeeming love ;  
For that Child, so dear and gentle,  
Is our Lord in heaven above ;  
And He leads His children on  
To the place where He is gone.
- 6 Not in that poor, lowly stable,  
With the oxen standing by,  
We shall see Him ; but in heaven,  
Set at God's right hand on high ;  
When, like stars, His children crowned,  
All in white shall wait around.

Mrs. CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1867

## 20.

Pure Gold, p. 100. P. M.

“PEACE upon earth !” the angels sang,  
“Good-will unto men !” the chorus rang,

“Glory to God!” the Christ has come,  
His bright star shines in the clear blue dome.

*Ref.*—Joyously sing, joyously sing,  
Joyously sing, joyously sing!  
Shout hallelujah to Christ, our King!

2 “Peace upon earth!” ’tis sounding still,  
“Glory unto God, to men good-will!”  
Bethlehem’s song, ’tis caught from far,  
And lifted up to that glowing star. *Ref.*

3 “Jesus has come!” it echoes wide,  
Through valley and plain, on mountain side;  
But not alone the angels sing,  
For even children the anthem ring. *Ref.*

4 Yes! let them sing, for Christ has laid  
His hand with a blessing on their head;  
Sweeter to Him than angels’ tones  
Are songs that come from His little ones. *Ref.*

MISS JULIA A. MATHEWS, 1871.

## 21.

Music on p. 165. P. M.

RING out the bells for Christmas!  
The happy, happy day!  
In winter wild, the Holy Child  
Within the cradle lay.

Oh, wonderful! the Saviour  
Is in a manger lone;  
His palace is a stable,  
And Mary’s arms His throne.

2 On Bethlehem’s quiet hillside,  
In ages long gone by,

- In angel notes the Glory floats,  
Glory to God on high !  
Yet wakes the sun as joyous  
As when the Lord was born,  
And still He comes to greet you  
On every Christmas morn.
- 3 Where'er His sweet lambs gather  
Within this gentle fold,  
The Saviour dear is waiting near,  
As in the days of old :  
In each young heart you see Him,  
In every guileless face,  
You see the holy Jesus,  
Who grew in truth and grace.
- 4 In many a darksome cottage,  
In many a crowded street,  
In winter bleak, with shivering cheek,  
The homeless child you meet ;  
Gaze on the pale, wan features,  
The feet, with wandering, sore,—  
You see the souls He loveth,  
The Christ-child at the door.
- 5 Then sing your gladsome carols,  
And hail the new-born sun ;  
For Christmas light is passing bright,  
It smiles on every one.  
And feast Christ's little children,  
His poor, His orphan, call ;  
For He who chose the manger,  
He loveth one and all.

## 22.

Hollister's S. S. S. and Tune Book, p. 34. P. M.

SILENT night ! Holy night !  
 All is calm, all is bright  
 Round yon Virgin Mother and Child !  
 Holy infant so tender and mild,  
 Sleep in heavenly peace !

- 2 Silent night ! Holy night !  
 Shepherds quake at the sight !  
 Glories stream from heaven afar,  
 Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia,  
 Christ the Saviour is born.
- 3 Silent night ! Holy night !  
 Son of God ! Love's pure light  
 Radiant beams from Thy holy face,  
 With the dawn of redeeming grace,  
 Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

ANON.

## 23.

S. S. Chant and Tune Book, 156. P. M.

THE Saviour of this sinful world,  
 Was born to-day.  
 In Bethlehem, God's only Son,  
 An infant lay.

*Cho.*—The angel choirs sang songs of praise,  
 The angel choirs sang songs of praise,  
 The angel choirs sang songs of praise,  
 To usher in this Day of days.

2 The Virgin Mary swathed her boy  
    With tender care,  
And placed him in the manger low,  
    To slumber there,  
||: While angel choirs sang songs of praise :||  
    To usher in this Day of days.

3 The midnight watchers, with their flocks  
    Great glory saw;  
And, trembling at the wondrous scene,  
    Bowed down with awe,  
||: While angel choirs sang songs of praise :||  
    To usher in this Day of days.

4 The shepherds quickly went their way,  
    And found the child;  
What wonder did their story cause  
    The mother mild,  
||: As th' angels rose to heaven with praise :||  
    To celebrate this Day of days.

5 Since then, long years have rolled away,  
    And round the earth  
Has oft been sung, by myriad tongues,  
    This glorious birth.  
||: Come, Christian children, swell the praise :||  
    That ushers in this Day of days.

Rev. J. GALLAUDET, D. D.



## 24.

S. S. Chant and Tune Book, p. 142. P. M.

WONDERFUL night!  
Wonderful night!

Angels and shining immortals,  
Thronging thine ebony portals,  
Fling out their banners of light;  
Wonderful, wonderful night!

2       ||: Wonderful night! :||  
Dreamed of by prophets and sages!  
Manhood redeemed for all ages,  
Welcomes thy hallowing might,  
Wonderful, wonderful night!

3       ||: Wonderful night! :||  
Down o'er the stars to restore us,  
Leading His flame-winged chorus,  
Comes the Eternal to sight;  
Wonderful, wonderful night!

4       ||: Wonderful night! :||  
Sweet be thy rest to the weary,  
Making the dull heart and dreary  
Laugh in a dream of delight;  
Wonderful, wonderful night!

5       ||: Wonderful night! :||  
Let me, as long as life lingers,  
Sing with the cherubim singers,  
"Glory to God in the height;"  
Wonderful, wonderful night!

Rev. J. F. YOUNG, D. D.

## 25.

Hymns Ancient and Modern, No. 64. III. 2.

AS with gladness men of old  
Did the guiding star behold;  
As with joy they hailed its light,  
Leading onward, beaming bright;  
So, most gracious Lord, may we  
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed;  
There to bend the knee before  
Him whom heaven and earth adore;  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare  
At that manger rude and bare;  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ! to Thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright  
Need they no created light;

Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,  
 Thou its Sun which goes not down ;  
 There for ever may we sing  
 Alleluias to our King.

WM. CHATTERTON DIX, 1860.

## 26.

S. S. Chant and Tune Book, p. 74. IV. 4.

**B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning !  
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid !  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining ;  
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;  
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,  
 Maker and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,  
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,  
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
 Vainly with gifts would His favor secure ;  
 Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration,  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !  
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid !  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

REG. HEBER, 1811.

## 27.

Happy Voices, p. 159. III. 3.

SAW you never in the twilight,  
 When the sun has left the skies,  
 Up in heaven the clear stars shining  
 Through the gloom like silver eyes?  
 So of old, the wise men watching,  
 Saw a little stranger star,  
 And they knew the King was given,  
 And they followed it from far.

2 Heard you never of the story  
 How they crossed the desert wild,  
 Journeyed on by plain and mountain,  
 Till they found the holy Child—  
 How they opened all their treasure,  
 Kneeling to that infant King,  
 Gave the gold and fragrant incense,  
 Gave the myrrh in offering?

3 Know you not that lowly infant  
 Was the Bright and Morning Star,  
 He who came to light the Gentiles  
 And the darkened isles afar?  
 And we too may seek his cradle,  
 There our hearts' best treasure bring—  
 Love and faith and true devotion,  
 For our Saviour, God, and King.

H. KINGSBURY, 1864.

## 28.

Book of Praise, p. 16. P. M.

WE three kings of Orient are ;  
Bearing gifts we traverse afar  
Field and fountain,  
Moor and mountain,  
Following yonder Star.

*Chorus.*

O Star of wonder, Star of night,  
Star with royal beauty bright,  
Westward leading,  
Still proceeding,  
Guide us to Thy perfect light.

- 2 Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,  
Gold I bring to crown Him again  
King forever,  
Ceasing never  
Over us all to reign. *Cho.*

- 3 Frankincense to offer have I;  
Incense owns a Deity nigh ;  
Prayer and praising  
All men raising,  
Worship Him God on high. *Cho.*

- 4 Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume  
Breathes a life of gathering gloom—  
Sorrowing, sighing,  
Bleeding, dying,  
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb. *Cho.*

- 5 Glorious now behold Him arise,  
 King and God and Sacrifice;  
 Heaven singing  
 Hallelujah;

Hallelujah the earth replies. *Cho.*

Rev. JOHN HENRY HOPKINS, Jr.

## 29.

Parish Hymnal, p. 52. P. M.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,  
 Art thou sore distress'd?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming  
 Be at rest!"

- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
 If He be my guide?

"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,  
 And His side."

- 3 Hath He diadem as Monarch  
 That His brow adorns?

"Yea, a crown in very surety,  
 But of thorns."

- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,  
 What His guerdon here?

"Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
 Many a tear."

- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,  
 What hath He at last?

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
 Jordan pass'd."

- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,  
 Will He say me nay?  
 "Not till earth, and not till heaven  
 Pass away."

REV. JOHN M. NEALE, D. D., 1862.

### 30.

Hymns Ancient and Modern, No. 92. 6s & 5s.

GLORY be to Jesus,  
 Who, in bitter pains,  
 Poured for me the life-blood  
 From His sacred veins.

- 2 Grace and life eternal  
 In that blood I find;  
 Blest be His compassion,  
 Infinitely kind.
- 3 Blest, through endless ages,  
 Be the precious stream,  
 Which from endless torments  
 Did the world redeem.
- 4 Abel's blood, for vengeance,  
 Pleaded to the skies;  
 But the blood of Jesus  
 For our pardon cries.
- 5 Oft, as it is sprinkled  
 On our guilty hearts,  
 Satan, in confusion,  
 Terror-struck, departs.

6 Oft, as earth, exulting,  
 Wafts its praise on high,  
 Angel-hosts, rejoicing,  
 Make their glad reply.

7 Lift ye, then, your voices,  
 Swell the mighty flood;  
 Louder still, and louder,  
 Praise the precious blood.

Tr. Rev. EDWARD CASWALL, 1849.

### 31.

Parish Hymnal, p. 96. D. C. M.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Come unto Me and rest;  
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
 Thy head upon My breast:"  
 I came to Jesus as I was,  
 All weary, worn, and sad:  
 I found in Him a resting-place,  
 And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Behold, I freely give  
 The living water, thirsty one,  
 Stoop down, and drink, and live:"  
 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
 Of that life-giving stream;  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
 And now I live in Him.



- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "I am this dark world's light ;  
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright : "  
 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
 In Him my Star, my Sun ;  
 And in that Light of life I'll walk  
 Till travelling days are done.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D., 1857.

### 32.

Tune, Clariona, p. 28. 7s & 6s.

- I LAY my sins on Jesus,  
 The spotless Lamb of God ;  
 He bears them all, and frees us  
 From the accursed load.  
 I bring my guilt to Jesus  
 To wash my crimson stains  
 White in His blood most precious,  
 Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus :  
 All fullness dwells in Him :  
 He heals all my diseases,  
 He doth my soul redeem.  
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
 My burdens and my cares ;  
 He from them all releases,  
 He all my sorrows shares.

- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,  
     This weary soul of mine ;  
 His right hand me embraces,  
     I on His breast recline.  
 I love the name of Jesus,  
     Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;  
 Like fragrance on the breezes  
     His name abroad is poured.
- 4 I long to be like Jesus,  
     Meek, lovely, lowly, mild ;  
 I long to be like Jesus,  
     The Father's holy child.  
 I long to be like Jesus,  
     Amid the heavenly throng,  
 To sing with saints His praises,  
     To learn the angels' song.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D., 1840.

### 33.

Winnowed Hymns, p. 102. III. 3.

- L**ORD, I hear of show'rs of blessing,  
 Thou art scatt'ring full and free—  
 Show'rs, the thirsty land refreshing ;  
 Let Thy blessing fall on me—  
*Ref.*—Even me, even me,  
     Let Thy blessing fall on me.
- 2 Pass me not, O God, my Father !  
     Sinful though my heart may be ;  
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
     Let Thy mercy light on me—  
*Ref.*—Even me, even me,  
     Let Thy mercy light on me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour !  
 Let me live and cling to Thee ;  
 For I'm longing for Thy favor ;  
 Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh ! call me—  
*Ref.*—Even me, even me,  
 Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh ! call me.

4 Have I long in sin been sleeping ?  
 Long been slighting, grieving Thee ?  
 Has the world my heart been keeping ?  
 Oh ! forgive and rescue me—  
*Ref.*—Even me, even me,  
 Oh ! forgive and rescue me.

5 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit !  
 Thou canst make the blind to see ;  
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
 Speak some word of power to me—  
*Ref.*—Even me, even me,  
 Speak some word of power to me.

Mrs. ELIZABETH CODNER, 1860.

### 34.

Hymns Ancient and Modern, No. 200. 6s & 4s.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !  
 E'en though it be a cross,  
 That raiseth me !  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !

- 2 Though like a wanderer,  
Day-light all gone,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!
- 3 There let my way appear,  
Steps up to heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me,  
In mercy given,  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Altars I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!
- 5 Or if, on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

35.

Songs of Devotion, p. 39. P. M.

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,  
Hear my humble cry;  
While on others Thou art smiling,  
Do not pass me by.

*Cho.*—Saviour, Saviour,  
Hear my humble cry,  
While on others Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy  
Find a sweet relief;  
Kneeling there in deep contrition,  
Help my unbelief. *Cho.*

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,  
Would I seek Thy face;  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
Save me by Thy grace. *Cho.*

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,  
More than life to me;  
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?  
Whom in heaven but Thee? *Cho.*

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868.

36.

Pure Gold, p. 19. P. M.

WE praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,  
For Jesus, who died, and is now gone above.

*Chorus.*

Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! Amen.  
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Revive us again.

- 2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,  
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our  
night. *Cho.*
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,  
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every  
stain. *Cho.*
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,  
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our  
ways. *Cho.*
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;  
May each soul be rekindled with fire from  
above. *Cho.*

Rev. WM. PATON MACKAY, 1866.

### 37.

Songs of Salvation, p. 42. P. M.

WHAT means this eager, anxious throng,  
Which moves with busy haste along?  
These wondrous gatherings day by day,  
What means this strange commotion? say—  
In accents hushed the throng reply,  
“Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

- 2 Who is this Jesus? why should He  
The city move so mightily?  
A passing stranger, has He skill  
To move the multitude at will?  
Again the stirring tones reply,  
“Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.”

3 Jesus ! 'tis He who once below,  
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;  
And burdened ones where'er He came,  
Brought out their sick and deaf and lame;  
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes from place to place,  
His holy footprints we can trace;  
He pauses at our threshold—nay,  
He enters—condescends to stay;  
Shall we not gladly raise the cry?  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

5 Ho ! all ye heavy-laden, come;  
Here's pardon, comfort, rest and home,  
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,  
Return ! accept His proffered grace:  
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh,  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if thou still this call refuse,  
And all His wondrous love abuse;  
Soon will He sadly from you turn,  
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn;  
"Too late ! too late !" will be the cry,  
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

## 38.

Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs, p. 23. P. M.

I GAVE My life for thee,  
I My precious blood I shed,  
That thou might'st ransomed be,  
And quickened from the dead;  
I gave, I gave My life for thee,  
What hast thou given for Me?

- 2 My Father's house of light,—  
My glory-circled throne,  
I left, for earthly night,  
For wand'rings sad and lone;  
I left, I left it all for thee;  
Hast thou left aught for Me?
- 3 I suffered much for thee,  
More than thy tongue can tell,  
Of bitterest agony,  
To rescue thee from hell;  
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,  
What hast thou borne for Me?
- 4 And I have brought to thee,  
Down from My home above,  
Salvation full and free,  
My pardon and My love;  
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,  
What hast thou brought to Me?

Miss FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1859.



## 39.

Songs of Salvation, p. 78. 7s & 6s.

I SAW the cross of Jesus  
When burdened with my sin ;  
I sought the cross of Jesus  
To give me peace within :  
I brought my sin to Jesus,  
He cleansed it with His blood ;  
And in the cross of Jesus  
I found my peace with God.

- 2 I love the cross of Jesus,  
It tells me what I am ;  
A vile and guilty creature,  
Saved only through the Lamb :  
No righteousness, no merit,  
No beauty can I plead ;  
Yet in the cross I glory,  
My title there I read.
- 3 I clasp the cross of Jesus  
In every trying hour,  
My sure and certain refuge,  
My never-failing tower :  
In every fear and conflict  
I more than conqueror am ;  
Living I'm safe, or dying,  
Through Christ the risen Lamb.
- 4 Sweet is the cross of Jesus !  
There let my weary heart  
Still rest in perfect peace  
Till life itself depart;

And then in strains of glory  
 I'll sing Thy wond'rous power,  
 Where sin can never enter  
 And death is known no more.

ANON.

## 40.

S. S. Chant and Tune Book, p. 48. III. 3.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,  
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
 All the light of sacred story  
 Gathers round its head sublime.

- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
 Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
 Never shall the cross forsake me;  
 Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
 Light and love upon my way,  
 From the cross the radiance streaming  
 Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
 By the cross are sanctified:  
 Peace is there that knows no measure,  
 Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
 All the light of sacred story  
 Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

## 41.

Winnowed Hymns, p. 40. 7s &amp; 6s.

NAUGHT of merit or of price,  
 Remains to justice due ;  
 Jesus died, and paid it all,—  
 Yes, all the debt I owe.

*Cho.*—Jesus paid it all,  
 All the debt I owe,  
 Jesus died, and paid it all,  
 Yes, all the debt I owe.

2 When He from His lofty throne,  
 Stooped down to do and die,  
 Every thing was fully done ;  
 “ ’Tis finished !” was His cry. *Cho.*

3 Weary not, O toiling one,  
 Whate’er thy conflict be,  
 Work for Him with cheerful heart,  
 Who suffered all for thee. *Cho.*

4 Clinging to the Saviour’s cross,  
 Look up by simple faith,  
 Praise Him for the pard’ning love  
 That saves from endless death. *Cho.*

5 Bring a willing sacrifice—  
 Thy soul to Jesus’ feet ;  
 Stand in Him, in Him alone,  
 All glorious and complete. *Cho.*

## 42.

Winnowed Hymns, p. 24. P. M.

OH, bliss of the purified ! bliss of the free !  
 I plunge in the crimson tide open for me ;  
 O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,  
 And point to the print of the nails in His hand.

*Cho.*—Oh, sing of His mighty love,

||: Sing of His mighty love, :||

Mighty to save !

- 2 Oh, bliss of the purified ! Jesus is mine,  
 No longer in dread condemnation I pine ;  
 In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,  
 Who lifteth upon me the light of His face. *Cho.*
- 3 Oh, bliss of the purified ! bliss of the pure !  
 No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot  
 cure ;  
 No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,  
 No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast. *Cho.*
- 4 O, Jesus the crucified ! Thee will I sing,  
 My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King ;  
 My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the  
 grave,  
 And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save." *Cho.*

REV. FRANK BOTTOME, D. D., 1869.

## 43.

Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs, p. 8. P. M.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay  
 In the shelter of the fold,  
 But one was out on the hills away,  
 Far off from the gates of gold—

Away on the mountains wild and bare,  
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

- 2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine :  
Are they not enough for Thee?"  
But the Shepherd made answer: "'This of Mine  
Has wandered away from Me :  
And although the road be rough and steep  
I go to the desert to find My sheep."
- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed; [through  
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed  
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.  
Out in the desert He heard its cry—  
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.
- 4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way  
That mark out the mountain's track?"  
"They were shed for one who had gone astray  
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."  
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"  
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."
- 5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"  
And the angels echoed around the throne,  
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

MISS ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE, 1868.

## 44.

Bright Jewels, p. 130. P. M.

JESUS, keep me near the Cross,  
 There a precious fountain  
 Free to all—a healing stream,  
 Flows from Calvary's mountain.

*Cho.*—In the Cross, in the Cross,  
 Be my glory ever ;  
 Till my raptured soul shall find  
 Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,  
 Love and mercy found me ;  
 There the bright and Morning Star  
 Shed its beams around me. *Cho.*

3 Near the Cross ! O Lamb of God,  
 Bring its scenes before me ;  
 Help me walk from day to day,  
 With its shadows o'er me. *Cho.*

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,  
 Hoping, trusting ever,  
 Till I reach the golden strand,  
 Just beyond the river.

FANNY J. CROSBY, Feb. 1868.

## 45.

Music on p. 163. P. M.

BIRDS their Matin-Carol sing,  
 Dew-drops to the lilies cling  
 On the Easter-Morning ;

When the Angel robed in white,  
Coming from the realms of light  
At the day's first dawning.

- 2 Rolls the heavy stone away  
From the tomb where Jesus lay,  
Over death victorious.  
Forth in radiant majesty  
From the grave's captivity,  
Comes the Saviour glorious!
- 3 When the sun expels the night  
From the plain, and mountain-height  
Tips with rosy gleaming,  
Then the Sun of Righteousness  
O'er the world's unhappiness  
Sheds His joyous beaming.
- 4 So into your hearts of sin,  
Children, let Him enter in  
At your life's first morning;  
That, with beams of light divine,  
He through all your lives may shine  
Till the heavenly dawning.

Rev. WM. H. NEILSON, JR.

#### 46.

Hollister's S. S. S. and Tune Book, p. 54. P. M.

CHRIST hath arisen!  
Death is no more!  
Lo! the white-robed ones  
Sit by the door.  
Dawn, golden morning,  
Scatter the night!

Haste, ye disciples glad,  
First with the light.  
Dawn, golden morning, &c.

- 2 Break forth in singing,  
O world new-born !  
Chant the great Eastertide,  
Christ's holy morn.  
Chant Him young sunbeams,  
Dancing in mirth !  
Chant, all ye winds of God,  
.Coursing the earth !  
Chant Him, &c.
- 3 Chant Him, ye laughing flowers  
Fresh from the sod :  
Chant Him, wild leaping streams,  
Praising your God !  
Break from *thy* winter,  
Sad heart, and sing !  
But with thy blossoms fair ;  
Christ is thy spring.  
Break from thy winter, &c.
- 4 Come where the Lord hath lain,  
Past is the gloom :  
See the full eye of day  
Smile through the tomb.  
Hark ! angel voices  
Fall from the skies !  
Christ hath arisen !  
Glad heart, arise !  
Hark ! angel voices, &c.



47.

Music on p. 164. 11s &amp; 10s.

**H**AIL! to the brightness which heralds Thy  
glory!

Hail! to the coming of Christ among men!  
Shout ye with praises the marvelous story:

Sing of salvation again and again.

*Cho.*—Heaven send its blessings here

Ever our souls to cheer,

Ever to comfort us—ever to bless:

While from our hearts of love

Praising our God above,

Saviour Thy mercies Thy children confess.

2 Death hast Thou vanquished, Thou Saviour of  
mortals,

The grave and destruction hast robbed of their  
gloom;

Victory shines out from Heaven's opened portals,  
Jesus has conquered the power of the tomb!

*Cho.*

3 Christ is arisen! oh, tell it with gladness!

Bright shines this Easter morn, bringing Christ  
near;

Lovingly owning Him—banishing sadness,

Hope springs eternal o'er darkness and fear.

*Cho.*

4 Open the gates, then, ye children of Zion,

Welcome with singing the King on His throne!  
Enter Thou in, for 'tis Thee we rely on!

Thou Saviour of sinners, Thy children to own!

*Cho.*

## 48.

Music on p. 170. III. 4.

- HE is risen ! He is risen !  
 Tell it with a joyful voice ;  
 He has burst His three days' prison,  
 Let the whole wide world rejoice :  
 Death is conquered, man is free,  
 Christ has won the victory.
- 2 Tell it to the sinners, weeping  
 Over deeds in darkness done,  
 Weary fast and vigil keeping,  
 Brightly breaks their Easter Sun ;  
 Blood can wash all sins away,  
 Christ has conquered hell to-day.
- 3 Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,  
 With glad smile and radiant brow ;  
 Lent's long shadows have departed,  
 All His woes are over now,  
 And the glorious form He bore,  
 Mortal ills can vex no more.
- 4 Come, with high and holy gladness,  
 Chant our Lord's triumphal lay ;  
 Not one touch of twilight sadness  
 Dims His resurrection day ;  
 Brightly dawns the radiant east,  
 Brighter far our Easter feast.
- 5 He is risen ! He is risen !  
 He has ope'd the eternal gate ;

We are free from sin's dark prison,  
 Risen to a holier state ;  
 Soon a brighter Easter beam  
 On our longing eyes shall stream.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER.

#### 49.

S. S. Chant and Tune Book, p. 162. 7s & 6s.

LET the merry church-bells ring,  
 Hence with tears and sighing ;  
 Frost and cold are fled from Spring,  
 Life hath conquered dying.  
 Flowers are smiling, fields are gay,  
 Sunny is the weather ;  
 With our rising Lord to-day,  
 All things rise together.

*Cho.*—Let the merry church-bells ring,  
 Ring, ring,  
 Let the merry church-bells ring,  
 Ring, ring, ring.

2 Let the birds sing out again  
 From their leafy chapel,  
 Praising Him with whom in vain  
 Satan sought to grapple ;  
 Sounds of joy come fast and thick,  
 As the breezes flutter ;  
*Resurrexit, non est hic,*  
 Is the strain they utter. *Cho.*

- 3 Let the thought of grief be past;  
     This our comfort giveth,—  
 He was slain on Friday last,  
     But to-day He liveth :  
 Mourning heart must needs be gay,  
     Nor let sorrow vex it ;  
 Since the very grave can say,  
     *Christus resurrexit. Cho.*

ANON.

## 50.

Music on p. 162. C. M.

- R**ING out the anthem, Jesus lives,  
 No more to shed His blood ;  
 His death to us salvation gives,  
 And now He reigns with God.  
*Cho.*—Then ring the church-bell,  
     The happy news tell  
     The wide world abroad.
- 2 He lives to plead when children sin,  
     To wash away each stain,  
 Their souls from Satan's grasp to win,  
     Saved from eternal pain.  
*Cho.*—Then ring the church-bell,  
     The happy news tell  
     While earth shall remain.
- 3 Upon each little restless head  
     To lay His unseen hand,

And guide the wandering little feet  
To Canaan's promised land.

*Cho.*—Then ring the church-bell,  
The happy news tell,  
A heaven-bound band.

- 4 He now prepares the children's home,  
Way up beyond the sky,  
Where sin and sorrow never come,  
And children never die.

*Cho.*—Then ring the church-bell,  
The happy news tell,  
Let the echo reply.

- 5 Ring out the anthem, Jesus lives !  
Repeat the joyful lays  
Till every child on earth believes  
And sings the Saviour's praise.

*Cho.*—Then ring the church-bell,  
The happy news tell,  
Throughout endless days.

1868.

## 51.

S. S. Chant and Tune Book, 166. P. M.

THE world itself keeps Easter Day,  
And Easter larks are singing;  
And Easter flow'rs are blooming gay,  
And Easter buds are springing:  
Alleluia !

The Lord of all things lives anew,  
And all His works are rising too;  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
Alleluia ! Praise the Lord !

- 2 There stood three Marys by the tomb,  
On Easter morning early,  
When day had scarcely chased the gloom,  
And dew was white and pearly ;  
Alleluia !  
With loving, but with erring mind,  
They came the Prince of Life to find ;  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
Alleluia ! Praise the Lord !
- 3 But earlier still the Angel sped,  
His news of comfort giving ;  
And “ why,” he said “ among the dead  
Thus seek ye for the Living ?”  
Alleluia !  
“ Go, tell them all, and make them blest ;  
Tell Peter first, and then the rest.”  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
Alleluia ! Praise the Lord !
- 4 The world itself keeps Easter Day,  
And Easter larks are singing ;  
And Easter flowers are blooming gay,  
And Easter buds are springing,  
Alleluia !  
The Lord is risen as all things tell,  
Good Christians, see ye rise as well !  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
Alleluia ! Praise the Lord !

## 52.

Hollister's S. S. S. and Tune Book, p. 52. 7s & 6s.

TO-DAY our blessed Saviour  
From death and hell arose  
Proclaiming free salvation  
Triumphant o'er His foes;  
And should we fail proclaiming  
Our great Redeemer's praise,  
The stones our silence shaming,  
Would their hosannas raise.

- 2 To Thee be praise forever,  
Thou glorious King of kings,  
Thy wondrous love and favor  
Each ransomed spirit sings;  
We'll celebrate Thy glory  
With all Thy saints above,  
And shout the joyful story  
Of Thy redeeming love.
- 3 Our souls be filled with gladness,  
Let rapture swell the breast;  
Ten thousand voices singing,  
Welcome this Easter feast.  
Shout, shout, ye saints in triumph!  
The Conqueror comes to reign;  
Let earth exalt her Saviour,  
And bless Immanuel's name.

ANON.

## 53.

Hollister's S. S. S. and Tune Book, p. 59. C. M.

ARISE, ye children, and adore ;  
 Exulting strike the chord !  
 Let all the earth, from shore to shore,  
 Confess its sovereign Lord.

2 Glad shouts aloud, wide echoing round,  
 Th' ascending Lord proclaim ;  
 Th' angelic choir respond the sound,  
 And shake creation's frame.

3 They sing of death and hell o'erthrown  
 In that triumphant hour ;  
 And God exalts His conquering son  
 To His right hand of power.

4 Oh, shout, ye children, and adore ;  
 Exulting strike the chord !  
 Let all the earth, from shore to shore,  
 Confess th' Almighty Lord.

HARRIET AUBER, 1829, alt.

## 54.

Tune, Arlington. C. M.

COME Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all Thy quickening powers ;  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below.  
 Fond of these earthly toys :  
 Our souls, how heavily they go,  
 To reach eternal joys.



3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,  
 In vain we strive to rise :  
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
 And our devotion dies.

4 Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
 With all Thy quickening powers ;  
 Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

### 55.

Parish Hymnal, p. 73. 8s, 6s & 4s.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed  
 His tender last farewell,  
 A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed  
 With us to dwell.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,  
 A gracious, willing Guest,  
 While He can find one humble heart  
 Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,  
 Soft as the breath of even,  
 That checks each thought, that calms each fear,  
 And speaks of heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,  
 And every victory won,  
 And every thought of holiness  
 Are His alone.

- 5 Spirit of purity and grace,  
 Our weakness, pitying see:  
 O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
 And meet for Thee.
- 6 O praise the Father; praise the Son;  
 Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;  
 All praise to God, the Three in One,  
 The One in Three.

HARRIET AUBER, 1829.

## 56.

Winnowed Hymns, p. 60. III. 2.

- HOLY Spirit, faithful guide,  
 Ever near the Christian's side,  
 Gently lead us by the hand,  
 Pilgrims in a desert land;  
 Weary souls for e'er rejoice,  
 While they hear that sweetest voice,  
 Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come!  
 Follow me, I'll guide Thee home.
- 2 Ever present, truest Friend,  
 Ever near Thine aid to lend;  
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
 Groping on in darkness drear,  
 When the storms are raging sore,  
 Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,—  
 Whispering softly, wanderer come!  
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,  
 Waiting still for sweet release,  
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,  
 Wond'ring if our names were there;  
 Wading deep the dismal flood,  
 Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;  
 Whispering softly, wanderer come!  
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

M. M. WELLS., 1858.

### 57.

The Hymnary, p. 154 P. M.

**H**OLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!  
 Early in the morning our song shall rise to  
 Thee:

Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty!  
 God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,  
 Casting down their golden crowns around the  
 glassy sea;  
 Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,  
 Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide  
 Thee,  
 Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may  
 not see,  
 Only Thou art holy: there is none beside Thee  
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

- 4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!  
 All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth,  
 and sky, and sea:  
 Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty;  
 God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

R. HEBER, 1811.

## 58.

Parish Hymnal, p. 77. III. 5.

- LEAD us! heavenly Father, lead us  
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea;  
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
 For we have no help but Thee;  
 Yet possessing every blessing,  
 If our God our Father be.
- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,  
 All our weakness Thou dost know;  
 Thou didst tread this earth before us,  
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe:  
 Lone and dreary, faint and weary,  
 Through the desert Thou didst go.
- 3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;  
 Love with every feeling blending,  
 Pleasure that can never cloy.  
 Thus provided, pardoned, guided,  
 Nothing can our peace destroy.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1820.

## 59.

Parish Hymnal, p. 176. 6s &amp; 5s.

**B**RIGHTLY gleams our banner  
 Pointing to the sky,  
 Waving wanderers onward  
 To their home on high.  
 Journeying o'er the desert,  
 Gladly thus we pray,  
 And with hearts united  
 Take our heavenward way.  
*Ref.*—Brightly gleams our banner  
 Pointing to the sky,  
 Waving wanderers onward  
 To their home on high.

- 2 Jesus, Lord and Master,  
 At Thy sacred feet,  
 Here with hearts rejoicing  
 See Thy children meet;  
 Often have we left Thee,  
 Often gone astray,  
 Keep us, mighty Saviour,  
 In the narrow way. *Ref.*
- 3 All our days direct us  
 In the way we go,  
 Lead us on victorious  
 Over every foe:  
 Bid Thine angels shield us  
 When the storm-clouds lower,  
 Pardon Thou and save us  
 In the last dread hour. *Ref.*

- 4 Then with saints and angels  
 May we join above,  
 Offering prayers and praises  
 At Thy throne of love ;  
 • When the toil is over,  
 Then comes rest and peace,  
 Jesus in His beauty,  
 Songs that never cease.

Rev. T. J. POTTER, 1860.

### 60.

Parish Hymnal, p. 172. 6s & 5s.

- ONWARD, Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the cross of Jesus  
 Going on before.  
 Christ the Royal Master  
 Leads against the foe ;  
 Forward into battle,  
 See, His banners go !  
 Onward, Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the cross of Jesus  
 Going on before.
- 2 At the sign of triumph  
 Satan's host doth flee :  
 On then, Christian soldiers,  
 On to victory.  
 Hell's foundations quiver  
 At the shout of praise ;  
 Brothers, lift your voices,  
 Loud your anthems raise. Onward, &c.

3 Like a mighty army  
 Moves the Church of God;  
 Brothers we are treading  
 Where the saints have trod;  
 We are not divided,  
 All one body we,  
 One in hope, and doctrine,  
 One in charity, Onward, &c.

4 Onward, then, ye people,  
 Join our happy throng,  
 Blend with ours your voices,  
 In the triumph song;  
 Glory, laud and honor,  
 Unto Christ the King,  
 This through countless ages  
 Men and Angels sing.  
 Onward, Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the cross of Jesus  
 Going on before. Amen.

Rev. SABINE BARING GOULD, 1865.

# 61.

Bradbury Trio. p. 20. 7s & 6s.

FAR out upon the prairie  
 How many children dwell,  
 Who never read the Bible,  
 Or hear the Sabbath bell;  
 And when the holy morning  
 Wakes us to sing and pray,  
 They spend the precious moments  
 In idleness and play.

*Cho.*—Far out upon the prairie  
 How many children dwell,  
 Who never read the bible,  
 Or hear the Sabbath bell.

2 I wish that I could tell them  
 How Jesus came to die,  
 When He for little children  
 Left His bright throne on high;  
 And all the sad, sad story  
 Of sorrow which He bore,  
 When for His crown of glory  
 A crown of thorns He wore. *Cho.*

3 And so each morn and evening,  
 When'er I kneel in prayer,  
 I'll ask the gracious Saviour  
 To send His gospel there;  
 That in the glorious city  
 In which He dwells above,  
 We all may sing together  
 Of His redeeming love. *Cho.*

R. P. C., 1860.

## 62.

Happy Voices, No. 125. 7s & 6s.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strand,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand,  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain.



- 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases  
And only man is vile,  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown,  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation! Oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

Bishop REG. HEBER, 1819.

### 63.

Songs of Salvation, p. 14. 7s & 6s.

NOW be the gospel banner  
In every land unfurled;  
And be the shout Hosanna!  
Re-echoed through the world:

Till every isle and nation,  
 Till every tribe and tongue,  
 Receive the great salvation,  
 And join the happy throng.

2 What though the embattled legions  
 Of earth and hell combine?  
 His arm throughout their regions  
 Shall soon resplendent shine:  
 Ride on, O Lord, victorious!  
 Immanuel, Prince of Peace!  
 Thy triumph shall be glorious,  
 Thine empire still increase.

3 Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,  
 O Jesus, King of kings!  
 Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,  
 Each ransomed captive sings;  
 The isles for Thee are waiting,  
 The deserts learn Thy praise,  
 The hills and valleys greeting,  
 The song responsive raise.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS, 1830.

## 64.

Pure Gold, p. 129. P. M.

**R**ESCUE the perishing,  
 Care for the dying,  
 Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;  
 Weep o'er the erring one,  
 Lift up the fallen,  
 Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to save.

*Cho.*—Rescue the perishing,  
 Care for the dying;  
 Jesus is merciful,  
 Jesus will save.

- 2 Though they are slighting Him,  
 Still He is waiting,  
 Waiting the penitent child to receive;  
 Plead with them earnestly,  
 Plead with them gently,  
 He will forgive if they only believe. *Cho.*
- 3 Down in the human heart,  
 Crushed by the tempter,  
 Feelings lie buried, that grace can restore;  
 Touched by a loving heart,  
 Wakened by kindness,  
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once  
 more. *Cho.*
- 4 Rescue the perishing,  
 Duty demands it;  
 Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;  
 Back to the narrow way  
 Patiently win them;  
 Tell the poor wand'rer, a Saviour has died.  
*Cho.*

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1869.

## 65.

The Bradbury Trio, p. 364. P. M.

THERE'S a cry from Macedonia—"Come and  
 help us:"  
 The light of the gospel bring, O come

Let us hear the joyful tidings of salvation, —  
We thirst for the living spring.

O ye heralds of the cross be up and doing,

Remember the great command, Away !

Go ye forth and preach the Word to every creature,  
Proclaim it in every land.

*Cho.*—They shall gather from the East,  
They shall gather from the West,  
With the patriarchs of old,  
And the ransom'd shall return  
To the kingdoms of the blest  
With their harps and crowns of gold.  
There's a cry, &c.

- 2 O how beautiful their feet upon the mountains,  
The tidings of peace who bring, who bring  
To the nations of the earth who sit in darkness,  
And tell them of Zion's king ;  
Then ye heralds of the cross be up and doing,  
Go work in your Master's field, Away !  
Sound the trumpet, sound the trumpet of salvation,  
The Lord is your strength and shield.

*Cho.*—Let the distant isles be glad,  
Let them hail the Saviour's birth,  
And the news of pardon free,  
Till the knowledge of the truth  
Shall extend to all the earth,  
As the waters o'er the sea.  
There's a cry, &c.

- 3 Ye have listed in the army of the faithful  
Like heroes the battle fight, Away !

There are foes on every hand that will assail you,  
Then gird on your armor bright;  
With the banner of the cross unfurled before you  
The sword of the spirit wield, Away!  
Ye shall conquer through His mercy who hath  
loved you,  
The Lord is your strength and shield.

*Cho.*—Ye are marching to the land  
Where the saints in glory stand,  
And the just for joy shall sing,  
Ye by faith may bring it nigh;  
Ye shall reach it bye and bye,  
And your shouts of triumph sing.  
There's a cry, &c.

FANNIE J. CROSBY, 1864.

## 66.

Pure Gold, p. 52. III. 3.

YES! a brighter morn is breaking,  
Better days are coming on;  
All the world will be awaking  
In the new and golden dawn.

*Cho.*—And many nations shall come, and say,  
Come let us go up to the mountain of the Lord,  
Let us go up to the mountain of the Lord;  
And He will teach us, will teach us of His ways;  
And we will walk in His paths.

- 2 In the day of coming glory,  
 Men will show fraternal hand;  
 Each will tell to each the story,  
 Till it spreads to every land. *Cho.*
- 3 On the top of Zion's mountain,  
 God prepares His house again,  
 At the threshold springs a fountain,  
 Flowing for the souls of men. *Cho.*
- 4 From the earth's remotest stations,  
 Men will come to hear the word;  
 And, in all the world, the nations  
 Shall be nations of the Lord. *Cho.*

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, 1871.

## 67.

Gospel Hymns & Sacred Songs, p. 13. P. M.

I HAVE a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,  
 A dear, loving Saviour tho' earth-friends be few;  
 And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,  
 And oh, that my Saviour were your Saviour too!  
*Cho.*—For you I am praying,  
 For you I am praying,  
 For you I am praying,  
 I'm praying for you.

- 2 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—  
 A peace that the friends of this world never knew;  
 My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,  
 And oh, could I know it was given to you! *Cho.*

- 3 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,  
 That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too ;  
 Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to  
 glory,  
 And prayer will be answered—'twas answered  
 for you ! *Cho.*

S. O'MALEY CLUFF, 1866.

## 68.

Fresh Laurels, p. 50. P. M.

JESUS the Water of Life will give,  
 Freely, freely, freely ;  
 Jesus the Water of Life will give,  
 Freely to those who love Him.  
 Come to that fountain, Oh drink and live,  
 Freely, freely, freely :  
 Come to that fountain, Oh drink and live,  
 Flowing for those that love Him.

*Cho.*—The Spirit and the Bride say come,  
 Freely, freely freely,  
 And he that is thirsty, let him come  
 And drink from the Water of Life.  
 The fountain of life is flowing,  
 Flowing, freely flowing,  
 The fountain of life is flowing,  
 Is flowing for you and for me.

- 2 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,  
 Freely, freely, freely,  
 Jesus has promised a home in heaven  
 Freely to those that love Him ;

Treasures unfading will there be given,  
 Freely, freely, freely,  
 Treasures unfading will there be given,  
 Freely to those that love Him. *Cho.*

- 3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,  
 Freely, freely, freely,  
 Jesus has promised a robe of white,  
 Freely to those that love Him ;  
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,  
 Freely, freely, freely,  
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,  
 Freely to those that love Him. *Cho.*

- 4 Jesus has promised a calm repose,  
 Freely, freely, freely,  
 Jesus has promised a calm repose  
 Freely to all that love Him ;  
 Come to the Water of Life that flows,  
 Freely, freely, freely,  
 Come to the Water of Life that flows  
 Freely to all that love Him. *Cho.*

Mrs. FANNY J. CROSBY, 1867.

## 69.

Songs of Devotion, p. 244. P. M.

COME home ! come home !  
 You are weary at heart,  
 For the way has been dark,  
 And so lonely and wild.

O prodigal child !

Come home, oh come home !

*Cho.*—Come home !

Come, oh come home !



2 Come home ! come home !  
 For we watch and we wait,  
 And we stand at the gate,  
 While the shadows are piled.  
 O prodigal child !  
 Come home, oh come home ! *Cho.*

3 Come home ! come home !  
 There is bread and to spare,  
 And a warm welcome there,  
 Then, to friends reconciled,  
 O prodigal child !  
 Come home, oh, come home ! *Cho.*

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES, 1869.

## 70.

Millard's Sunday School Chaplet, p. 12. P. M.

**L**O ! He's knocking at every heart,—  
 Let the Saviour in !  
 Shall we tell Him He must depart?—  
 Let the Saviour in !  
 He is waiting beside your door,  
 He is pleading for evermore,  
 Your sweet welcome He doth implore,  
 Let the Saviour in !

2 Would ye turn Him in grief away?  
 Let the Saviour in !  
 Sister, brother, do not delay,  
 Let the Saviour in !

He is mighty to save and keep,  
 He will comfort the eyes that weep!  
 In His presence how sweet our sleep!  
     Let the Saviour in!

- 3 Take Him fondly unto your breast,  
     Let the Saviour in!  
 He will give to the weary rest,  
     Let the Saviour in!  
 Shall His summons be heard in vain?  
 Shall we turn Him away again;  
 Ye who linger in doubt and pain,  
     Let the Saviour in!

GEORGE COOPER, 1872.

## 71.

Happy Voices, No. 31. P. M.

**O**H wont you be a Christian  
 While you're young?  
 Oh wont you be a Christian  
 While you're young?  
 Don't think it will be better  
 To delay it until later,  
 But remember your Creator  
     While you're young.

- 2 ||: Oh wont you love the Saviour  
     While you're young? :||  
 For you He left His glory  
 And embraced a cross so gory;  
 Wont you heed the melting story  
     While you're young?

- 3 ||:Remember, death may find you  
     While you're young: :||  
 For friends are often weeping,  
 And the stars their watch are keeping  
 O'er the grassy graves, where sleeping  
     Lie the young.
- 4 ||:Oh walk the path to glory  
     While you're young; :||  
 And Jesus will befriend you,  
 And from danger will defend you,  
 And a peace divine will send you  
     While you're young.
- 5 ||:Then wont you be a Christian  
     While you're young? :||  
 Why from the future borrow,  
     When, ere comes another morrow,  
 You may weep in endless sorrow  
     While you're young?

ANON.

## 72.

Pure Gold, p. 44. P. M.

STAY thee, weary wandering child,  
 'Tis thy Father calling;  
 Turn and hear that voice so dear,  
     Pleading now with thee:  
 Weak and helpless though thou art,  
     I would cheer thy drooping heart;  
 Joy divine may be thine;  
     Come, come to Me.

*Cho.*—Why wilt thou still refuse  
 Life's precious boon to choose?  
 O be blest! here is rest,  
 Sweet rest in Me.

2 Softly as the dew of night  
 O'er the vale descending,  
 Jesus, bending from His throne,  
 Whispers now to thee:  
 I have brought thee, from above,  
 Pardon, peace, eternal love;  
 All are Thine, O be Mine!  
 Come, come to Me. *Cho.*

3 O the joy, the bliss of heaven  
 O'er a soul returning!  
 Shall the happy legions there,  
 Strike their harps for thee?  
 Come, O weary child of sin,  
 Jesus waits to let thee in;  
 Hear Him say, "Come away,"  
 Grace, grace is free. *Cho.*

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1871.

### 73.

Pure Gold, p. 8. P. M.

WHO'LL be the next to follow Jesus?  
 Who'll be the next His cross to bear?  
 Some one is ready—some one is waiting—  
 Who'll be the next a crown to wear?

*Cho.*—Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next?  
 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?  
 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus, now?  
 Follow Jesus now.

- 2 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?  
Follow His weary, bleeding feet? .  
Who'll be the next to lay every burden  
Down at the Father's mercy seat?—*Cho.*
- 3 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus?  
Who'll be the next to praise His name?  
Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption—  
Sing hallelujah! praise the Lamb?—*Cho.*
- 4 Who'll be the next to follow Jesus,  
Down through the Jordan's rolling tide?  
Who'll be the next to join with the ransomed,  
Singing upon the other side?—*Cho.*

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS, 1871.

## 74.

Winnowed Hymns, p. 6. 7s & 6s.

I LOVE to tell the story  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory,  
Of Jesus and His love.

I love to tell the story  
Because I know 'tis true;  
It satisfies my longings  
As nothing else can do.

*Cho.*—I love to tell the story,  
'Twill be my theme in glory,  
To tell the old, old story,  
Of Jesus and His love.

- 2 I love to tell the Story ;  
More wonderful it seems  
Than all the golden fancies  
Of all our golden dreams.

I love to tell the Story  
It did so much for me !  
And that is just the reason  
I tell it now to thee.

*Cho.*—I love to tell, &c.

- 3 I love to tell the Story ;  
'Tis pleasant to repeat  
What seems each time I tell it,  
More wonderfully sweet.  
I love to tell the Story ;  
For some have never heard  
The message of salvation  
From God's own Holy Word.

*Cho.*—I love to tell, &c.

- 4 I love to tell the Story ;  
For those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting  
To hear it, like the rest.  
And when, in scenes of glory,  
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,  
'T will be—the OLD, OLD STORY  
That I have loved so long.

*Cho.*—I love to tell, &c.

## 75.

Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs, p. 76. P. M.

SOWING the seed by the daylight fair,  
 Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,  
 Sowing the seed by the fading light,  
 Sowing the seed in the solemn night;  
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?

*Cho.*—||:Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,:||  
 ||:Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,:||  
 Gathered in time or eternity,  
 Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.

2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,  
 Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,  
 Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,  
 Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;  
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
 Oh, what shall the harvest be? *Cho.*

3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,  
 Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,  
 Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,  
 Sowing the seed of eternal shame;  
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?

4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,  
 Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,  
 Sowing in hope till the reapers come,  
 Gladly to gather the harvest home;  
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
 Oh, what shall the harvest be? *Cho.*

Mrs. EMILY S. OAKLEY, 1850, alt.

## 76.

Bright Jewels, p. 20. III. 3.

THERE is work to do for Jesus,  
 Yea, a glorious work to do,  
 For a harvest fully ripened,  
 Rich and golden lies in view;  
 With a prayer to God, our Father,  
 Let us all the work pursue,  
 For our risen Lord is calling,  
 And the harvesters are few.

*Cho.*—Yes, there's work to do for Jesus,  
 And the harvest is in view,  
 There's a great work everywhere to do;  
 There is work to do for Jesus,  
 And the harvesters are few,  
 There's enough work for all to do.

2 There is work to do for Jesus,  
 And we hear the Saviour say,  
 "Why art standing here so idle,  
 At the noontide on the way?"  
 Even now I will accept thee;  
 With the rest, thy wages pay;  
 Go and labor in My vineyard  
 Till the closing of the day.—*Cho.*

3 Yes, there's work to do for Jesus;  
 Who will answer to the call?  
 See! the vintage is abundant,  
 There is work to do for all;



God commands that we should labor,  
 Though the task our hearts appall;  
 For He claimeth our life service,  
 Till the shades of death shall fall.—*Cho.*

Mrs. L. H. WASHINGTON, 1868.

# 77.

Pure Gold, p. 74. P. M.

TO the work! to the work! we are servants of  
 God,

Let us follow the path that our Master has trod;  
 With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew,  
 Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.  
*Cho.*—Toiling on, (*toiling on*), toiling on, (*toiling on*),  
 Toiling on, (*toiling on*), toiling on, (*toiling on*),  
 Let us hope, (*and trust*), let us watch, (*and pray*),  
 And labor till the Master comes.

2 To the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed,  
 To the fountain of Life let the weary be led;  
 In the cross and its banner our glory shall be,  
 While we herald the tidings, “*Salvation is free!*”  
*Cho.*

3 To the work! to the work! there is labor for all,  
 For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall;  
 And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be  
 In the loud swelling chorus, “*Salvation is free!*”  
*Cho.*

4 To the work! to the work! pressing on to the end,  
 For the harvest will come, and the reapers descend;  
 And the home of the Ransomed our dwelling will be,  
 And our chorus forever, “*Salvation is free!*” *Cho.*

Mrs. FANNY J. VAN ALSTYNE, 1871.

## 78.

Pure Gold, p. 21. P. M.

SAVIOUR! Thy dying love  
 Thou gavest me,  
 Nor should I ought withhold,  
 Dear Lord from Thee;  
 In love my soul would bow,  
 My heart fulfil its vow,  
 Some offering bring Thee now,  
 Something for Thee.

- 2 At the blest mercy-seat,  
 Pleading for me,  
 My feeble faith looks up,  
 Jesus to Thee:  
 Help me the cross to bear,  
 Thy wondrous love declare,  
 Some song to raise, or prayer,  
 Something for Thee!
- 3 Give me a faithful heart—  
 Likeness to Thee—  
 That each departing day  
 Henceforth may see  
 Some work of love begun,  
 Some deed of kindness done,  
 Some wand'rer sought and won,  
 Something for Thee.
- 4 All that I am and have—  
 Thy gifts so free—  
 In joy, in grief, through life,  
 Dear Lord for Thee!

If we are but faithful,  
 Happy shall we be,  
 When we hear the summons,  
 "Hither come to me!" *Cho.*

KATE CAMERON, 1869.

79.

Songs of Salvation, p. 3. P. M.

**W**ORK, for the Master calleth us to-day!  
 Work, precious souls to save;  
 Work, while the hours are passing swift away;  
 Work with soul true and brave.

*Cho.*—God be near us, help us to-day!  
 God watch over us, lest we stray;  
 Father, in mercy keep us all the way;  
 Jesus hear us when we pray.

- 2 Work, with a spirit full of Jesus' love!  
 Work, with a joyful song;  
 Work, for the glory waiting us above;  
 Work, with heart firm and strong! *Cho.*
- 3 Work, for the vineyard waiting for us stands;  
 Work, while there yet is light:  
 Work, with a cheerful heart and willing hands;  
 Work, for soon cometh night. *Cho.*
- 4 Work, till the golden harvest fills the field;  
 Work, in the Saviour's might;  
 Work, for the joy the reaping time shall yield;  
 Work for mansions of light. *Cho.*

REV. ALFRED TAYLOR, 1869.

## 80.

Bradbury Trio, p. 194. 7s & 6s, pec.

WORK, for the night is coming,  
 Work through the morning hours;  
 Work, while the dew is sparkling,  
 Work 'mid springing flowers;  
 Work when the day grows brighter,  
 Work in the glowing sun;  
 Work for the night is coming,  
 When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Work through the sunny noon;  
 Fill brightest hours with labor,  
 Rest comes sure and soon;  
 Give every flying minute  
 Something to keep in store;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Under the sunset skies;  
 While their bright tints are glowing,  
 Work, for daylight flies:  
 Work till the last beam fadeth,  
 Fadeth to shine no more;  
 Work, while the night is dark'ning,  
 When man's work is o'er.

Rev. SIDNEY DYER, 1854.  
 alt. by ANNIE L. WALKER, 1860.

## 81.

Bradbury Trio, p. 146. P. M.

A CROWN of glory bright,  
 By faith's clear eyes I see,  
 In yonder realms of light  
 Prepared for me.

*Cho.*—I'm nearer my home, nearer my home,  
 Nearer my home to-day;  
 Yes; nearer my home in heaven to-day,  
 Than ever I've been before.

2 O may I faithful prove,  
 And keep the crown in view,  
 And through the storms of life  
 My way pursue.

I'm nearer, &c.

3 Jesus, be Thou my guide,  
 And all my steps attend,  
 O keep me near Thy side,  
 Be Thou my friend.

I'm nearer, &c.

4 Be Thou my shield and sun,  
 My Saviour and my guard,  
 And when my work is done  
 My great reward.

I'm nearer, &c.

PHOEBE CARY, 1844.

## 82.

S. S. Chant and Tune Book, p. 36. 8s & 6s.

AROUND the throne of God in heav'n,  
 Thousands of children stand,  
 Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
 A holy, happy band,  
     Singing, glory, glory,  
     Glory be to God on high.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white  
     See every one arrayed,  
 Dwelling in everlasting light,  
     And joys that cannot fade,  
             Singing, glory, &c.

3 What brought them to that world above,  
     That heaven so bright and fair,  
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love,  
     How came those children there?  
             Singing, glory, &c.

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood  
     To wash away their sin;  
 Cleansed by that pure and precious flood,  
     Behold them white and clean,  
             Singing, glory, &c.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,  
     On earth they loved His name;  
 So now they see Him face to face,  
     And stand before the Lamb,  
             Singing, glory, &c.

## 83.

S. S. Chant and Tune Book, p. 57. 8s, pec.

BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above,  
Beautiful city that I love,  
Beautiful gates of pearly white,  
Beautiful temple—God its light;  
He who was slain on Calvary,  
Opens those pearly gates to me.

- 2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light,  
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,  
Beautiful strains that never tire,  
Beautiful harps through all the choir;  
There shall I join the chorus sweet,  
Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.
- 3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,  
Beautiful palms the conquerers show;  
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,  
Beautiful all who enter there;  
Thither I press with eager feet,  
There shall my rest be long and sweet.
- 4 Beautiful throne of Christ our King,  
Beautiful songs the angels sing,  
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,  
Beautiful home of perfect peace;  
There shall my eyes the Saviour see:  
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

REV. GEORGE GILL, 1850.

## 84.

Millard's S. S. Chaplet, p. 15. P. M.

**B**EYOND the river we soon shall go,  
 Passing through the heavenly gates !  
 Beyond the river, how sweet to know  
     Some dear loved one fondly waits !  
 Beyond the river our hopes are set ;  
     Day by day we're nearer home !  
 Beyond the river, in sad regret,  
     Weary feet no more shall roam !

*Cho.*—Beyond the river, oh, glorious land !  
     Home of angels bright and fair !  
 Beyond the river, oh, by Thy hand,  
     Gentle Saviour, lead us there !

2 Beyond the river we all shall rest,  
     After all our burdens here !  
 Beyond the river, unto His breast  
     Jesus folds His lambs so dear !  
 Beyond the river we go alone,  
     Keep us through the night and day !  
 Beyond the river, up to the Throne,  
     Saviour, be our guide and stay ! *Cho.*

GEORGE COOPER, 1872.

## 85.

Pure Gold, p. 108. III. 3.

**B**REAKING through the clouds that gather  
 O'er the Christian's natal skies,  
 Distant beams, like floods of glory,  
     Fill the soul with glad surprise ;



And we almost hear the echo  
 Of the pure and holy throng,  
 In the bright, the bright forever,  
 In the summer-land of song,

*Cho.*—On the banks beyond the river,  
 We shall meet, no more to sever,  
 In the bright, the bright forever,  
 In the summer-land of song.

2 Yet a little while we linger,  
 Ere we reach our journey's end;  
 Yet a little while to labor,  
 Ere the evening shades descend;  
 Then we'll lay us down to slumber,  
 But the night will soon be o'er;  
 In the bright, the bright forever,  
 We shall wake to sleep no more. *Cho.*

3 O the bliss of life eternal!  
 O the long unbroken rest!  
 In the golden fields of pleasure,  
 In the region of the blest.  
 But to see our dear Redeemer,  
 And before His throne to fall,  
 There to hear His gracious welcome,  
 Will be sweeter far than all. *Cho.*

FANNY CROSBY, 1871.

## 86.

Millard's S. S. Chaplet, p. 7. 7s & 6s, pec.

**D**AY by day our loved ones cross  
 The river dark and drear;

Day by day, in pain and loss,  
We sadly linger here.  
Yet **one** gentle thought will come,  
A joy no grief can mar:  
When our dear ones wander home  
They leave the gates ajar !

*Cho.*—Yes, the gates are still ajar ;  
The pearly gates ajar !  
When our loved ones wander home,  
They leave the gates ajar !

2 Oft in sweet and lovely dreams  
At close of tranquil day,  
We have roamed by heav'nly streams,  
With blest ones far away !  
Joy that beams above our life,  
Like morning's lovely star !—  
Hope amid our toil and strife,  
The gates are still ajar ! *Cho.*

3 Oh, the City bright and fair,  
Where all our treasures lie !  
Loving arms shall clasp us there,  
And quell each weary sigh !  
On that blest and golden strand  
They call to us afar !  
'T was the Saviour's kindly hand  
That set the gates ajar ! *Cho.*

## 87.

Winnowed Hymns, p. 82. III. 3.

- I AM waiting by the river,  
And my heart has waited long ;  
Now I think I hear the chorus  
Of the angels' welcome song.  
Oh, I see the dawn is breaking  
On the hill-tops of the blest,  
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary be at rest."
- 2 Far away beyond the shadows  
Of this weary vale of tears,  
There the tide of bliss is sweeping  
Through the bright and changeless years;  
O! I long to be with Jesus,  
In the mansions of the blest,  
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary be at rest."
- 3 They are launching on the river,  
From the calm and quiet shore,  
And they soon will bear my spirit  
Where the weary sigh no more ;  
For the tide is swiftly flowing,  
And I long to greet the blest,  
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary be at rest."

Rev. WM. O. CUSHING, 1866.

## 88.

Winnowed Hymns, p. 95. P. M.

IN the Christian's home in glory,  
There remains a land of rest;  
There my Saviour's gone before me,  
To fulfill my soul's request.

*Cho.*—||: There is rest for the weary, :||  
There is rest for the weary,  
There is rest for you.  
On the other side of Jordan,  
In the sweet fields of Eden,  
Where the tree of life is blooming  
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,  
Which eternally shall stand;  
For my stay shall not be transient,  
In that holy, happy land. *Cho.*

3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,  
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;  
But in that celestial center  
I a crown of life shall wear. *Cho.*

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,  
And his sting shall be withdrawn,  
Shout for gladness, oh ye ransomed,  
Hail with joy the rising morn. *Cho.*

5 Sing, oh sing, ye heirs of glory!  
Shout your triumph as you go!  
Zion's gate will open for you,  
You shall find an entrance through. *Cho.*

Rev. SAMUEL YOUNG HARMER, 1856.

## 89.

The Hymnary, p. 147. 7s & 6s.

JERUSALEM, the golden,  
 With milk and honey blest,  
 Beneath thy contemplation  
 Sink heart and voice oppress.  
 I know not, oh, I know not  
 What joys await me there,  
 What radiancy of glory,  
 What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,  
 All jubilant with song,  
 And bright with many an angel,  
 And all the Martyr throng;  
 There is the throne of David,  
 And there, from care released,  
 The shout of them that triumph,  
 The song of them that feast.

3 And they, who with their Leader  
 Have conquered in the fight,  
 For ever, and for ever  
 Are clad in robes of white.  
 Oh, land that seest no sorrow!  
 Oh, state that fear'st no strife!  
 Oh, royal land of flowers!  
 Oh, realm of home and life!

4 O sweet and blessed country,  
 The home of God's elect!  
 O sweet and blessed country,  
 That eager hearts expect!

Jesus, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest;  
 Who art, with God the Father,  
 And Spirit, ever blest.

S. BERNARD, 1140.

## 90.

Winnowed Hymns, p. 39. P. M.

**O** THINK of a home over there,  
 By the side of the river of light,  
 Where the saints all immortal are fair,  
 Are robed in their garments of white.

*Cho.*—Over there (*over there*), over there (*over there*),  
 O think of a home over there (*over there*),  
 Over there (*over there*), over there (*over there*),  
 O think of a home over there.

2 O, think of the friends over there,  
 Who before us the journey have trod,  
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air,  
 In their home in the palace of God.

*Cho.*—Over there, over there,  
 O think of the friends over there.

3 I'll soon be at home over there,  
 For the end of my journey I see;  
 Many dear to my heart over there,  
 Are watching and waiting for me.

*Cho.*—Over there, over there,  
 I'll soon be at home over there.

Rev. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON, 1868.

## 91.

Pure Gold, p. 42. P. M.

OH, say have you heard of the mansions of light  
 Our Saviour has gone to prepare?  
 Where falls not a cloud or a shadow of night,  
 They tell us, no sorrow is there.  
 Oh, yes, we have heard of the mansions so bright,  
 And free from all sorrow and care;  
 Our Saviour, the Lamb, is the glory and light,  
 The children of Zion are there.

*Cho.*—'Tis a home where the weary may rest,  
 The beautiful home of the blest :  
 Oh, come, we are bound for the mansions of  
 light,  
 The beautiful home of the blest.

2 Oh, where is that city whose portals of gold  
 Are open by night and by day?  
 The city whose splendor can never be told,  
 Whose pleasures will never decay?  
 'Tis yonder, where joyful our spirits may fly,  
 Beyond where the bright planets roll;  
 Above the clear arch of the blue ether sky,  
 The beautiful home of the soul. *Cho.*

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1871.

## 92.

Millard's Sunday School Chaplet, p. 22. P. M.

OH, the beautiful Hereafter,  
 What joy will greet us there !  
 In our dreams we love to wander  
 Within that land so fair !

For the clouds of care and sorrow,  
 Can never go therein,  
 And we'll meet our blessed loved ones,  
 Away from pain and sin !

*Cho.*—Oh, the beautiful Hereafter,  
 Those regions of the blest !  
 There forever with the Saviour,  
 The soul will be at rest !

2 Oh, the beautiful Hereafter,  
 Where parting ones shall meet !  
 By its cool and mossy fountains  
 We'll rest our weary feet !  
 For our journey'll soon be over,  
 The land's almost in sight,  
 There our hearts shall ever linger  
 In rapture and delight ! *Cho.*

3 Oh, the beautiful Hereafter,  
 How sweet our thoughts of thee !  
 For they have the blessed power  
 To calm Life's troubled sea ?  
 And amid all worldly sorrows  
 Our hearts will ne'er despond,  
 For by Faith we see the dearer  
 And better land beyond ! *Cho.*

GEORGE COOPER, 1872.

### 93.

Happy Voices, p. 195. P. M.

OH when shall I dwell in a mansion all bright,  
 And Jesus my Saviour behold ;



Or walk by His side like an angel of light,  
In a city all garnished with gold?

*Cho.*—Home of the blest, Home of the blest,  
When wilt thou ever be mine?  
Home of the blest, Home of the blest,  
Soon shalt thou ever be mine.

2 No pearl from the ocean, no gold from the mine,  
Can pardon and purity buy;  
I'll trust in the blood of a Saviour divine,  
And I'll cling to His cross till I die. *Cho.*

3 Though light are the sorrows that burden a child,  
And fleeting the tempest of woe,  
I long for the land that was never defiled;  
To the home of the blest would I go. *Cho.*

4 But while I'm a stranger away from my home,  
I'll toil in the vineyard and pray;  
I'll carry the cross while I think of the crown,  
And I'll watch for the break of the day. *Cho.*

REV. ALFRED A. GRALEY, 1865.

## 94.

Bright Jewels, p. 110. III. 3.

SHALL we gather at the river  
Where bright angel feet have trod;  
With its crystal tide forever  
Flowing by the throne of God?

*Cho.*—Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
 The beautiful, the beautiful river—  
 Gather with the saints at the river  
 That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,  
 Washing up its silver spray,  
 We will walk and worship ever,  
 All the happy, golden day. *Cho.*

3 Ere we reach the shining river,  
 Lay we every burden down;  
 Grace our spirits will deliver,  
 And provide a robe and crown. *Cho.*

4 At the smiling of the river,  
 Rippling with the Saviour's face,  
 Saints whom death will never sever,  
 Lift their songs of saving grace. *Cho.*

5 Soon we'll reach the shining river,  
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease,  
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
 With the melody of peace. *Cho.*

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, 1864.

## 95.

Songs of Salvation, p. 182. II. 1.

THERE is a realm where Jesus reigns,  
 A home of grace and love,  
 Where angels wait with sweetest strains  
 To greet the saints above.

*Cho.*—They'll sing their welcome home to me,  
 They'll sing their welcome home to me,

The angels will stand on the heavenly strand,  
And sing their welcome home !

Welcome home ! welcome home !

The angels will stand on the heavenly strand,  
And sing their welcome home !

2 And children, too, will join to bless  
The precious Saviour's name,  
Clothed in His perfect righteousness,  
And saved from sin and shame. *Cho.*

3 Yet all, alas, may not be there,  
For some will slight His grace,  
Though now He calls, they do not care  
To turn and seek His face. *Cho.*

4 He speaks so kindly, "Come to Me,  
And I will give you rest ;"  
The angels wait their melody,  
To greet you with the blest. *Cho.*

English arr. by Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, 1864.

## 96.

Pure Gold, p. 64. P. M.

THERE'S a beautiful land of song,  
Away o'er Jordan's river,  
Where saints, a happy white-robed throng,  
Their notes in joyful strains prolong,  
||:In praise to God forever.:||

*Cho.*—In that beautiful land of song,  
Ransomed ones are singing;  
O'er hill and plain with sweet refrain,  
The glad new song is ringing.

- 2 We have heard of the blest ones there,  
     Who live beside the river;  
 They bloom in beauty, young and fair,  
 And crowns of life immortal wear,  
     ||:And sing and shout forever.:|| *Cho.*
- 3 Jesus reigns in that goodly land,  
     He leaves His people, never,  
 Around His throne a radiant band  
 With palms of victory in their hand,  
     ||:His children sing forever.:|| *Cho.*
- 4 We shall meet on that blissful shore,  
     Where time no more will sever,  
 When earthly toils and cares are o'er,  
 We'll join with loved ones gone before  
     ||:And sing of Christ forever.:|| *Cho.*

WILLIAM BENNETT, 1870.

## 97.

Winnowed Hymns, p. 16. P. M.

THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,  
 And by faith we can see it afar;  
 For the Father waits over the way,  
     To prepare us a dwelling place there.

*Cho.*—In the sweet by-and-by,  
     We shall meet on that beautiful shore,  
 In the sweet by-and-by,  
     We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

- 2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore,  
 The melodious songs of the blest,  
 And our spirits shall sorrow no more,  
 Not a sigh for the blessing of rest. *Cho.*
- 3 To our bountiful Father above,  
 We offer the tribute of praise,  
 For the glorious gift of His love,  
 And the blessings that hallow our days! *Cho.*
- 4 We shall rest on that beautiful shore,  
 In the joys of the saved we shall share;  
 All our pilgrimage toil will be o'er,  
 And the conqueror's crown we shall wear. *Cho.*
- 5 We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign,  
 In that land where the saved never die!  
 We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,  
 Safe at home in the sweet by-and-by. *Cho.*

S. FILLMORE BENNET, 1867,

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## 98.

Bradbury Trio, 269. P. M.

WE are coming, blessed Saviour,  
 We hear Thy gentle voice;  
 We would be Thine forever,  
 And in Thy love rejoice.

*Cho.*—We are coming, we are coming,  
 We are coming blessed Saviour,  
 We are coming, we are coming,  
 We hear Thy gentle voice.

- 2 We are coming, blessed Saviour,  
 Our Father's house we see—  
 A glorious mansion ever  
 For children young as we.  
 We are coming, &c.  
 Our Father's house we see.
- 3 We are coming blessed Saviour,  
 To crown our Jesus King,  
 And then with angels ever,  
 His praises we will sing.  
 We are coming, &c.  
 To crown our Jesus King.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER, 1863.

# 99.

Pure Gold, p. 11. P. M.

I WILL pray, I will pray,  
 I Night and morning, every day;  
 Fold my hands and lift my eyes  
 To my Jesus in the skies;  
 I will pray, I will pray—  
 “Jesus wash my guilt away;  
 Make my spirit pure within,  
 Keep my soul from every sin.”

*Ref.*—I will pray, I will pray,  
 Night and morning, every day;  
 Fold my hands, and lift my eyes  
 To my Jesus in the skies.

- 2 I will pray, I will pray,  
 “Jesus help me to obey  
 All Thy wise and holy will;  
 All Thy wishes to fulfill;”

I will pray, I will pray,  
 At my work and at my play,  
 All to help, and all to love,  
 As the angels do above. *Ref.*

- 3 I will pray, I will pray,  
 When I'm sorry, when I'm gay;  
 If my precious Saviour smile,  
 I am happy all the while;  
 I will pray, I will pray,  
 Even in my dying day,—  
 "O'er the stream, so dark and wild,  
 Jesus, take Thy little child." *Ref.*

Mrs. HELEN E. BROWN, 1870.

## 100.

Pure Gold, p. 152. P. M.

I WOULD be Thy little lamb,  
 Saviour dear, Saviour dear;  
 Wilt Thou take me as I am?  
 Hast Thou room for me?  
 Wilt Thou lead me all the day,  
 In the straight and narrow way?  
 Shall I never, never stray,  
 Blesséd One, from Thee?

- 2 When I breathe my simple prayer,  
 Thou art near, very near;  
 When I ask Thy tender care,  
 Thou wilt look on me;

Softly in my heart, I know,  
 'Tis Thy voice that murmurs low,  
 "Come, I'll wash thee white as snow ;  
 Child, I died for thee."

- 2 Did'st Thou lay Thy glory by,  
 Saviour mine, Saviour mine ?  
 Did'st Thou suffer, bleed, and die,  
 For a child like me ?  
 Gladly I will come to-day ;  
 From Thy love I cannot stay ;  
 All along the heavenly way  
 I will follow Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1871.

# 101.

Songs for Little Folks, p. 69. 6s & 5s.

IF I come to Jesus,  
 He will make me glad ;  
 He will give me pleasure,  
 When my heart is sad.

*Cho.*—If I come to Jesus,  
 Happy I should be,  
 He is gently calling  
 Little ones like me.

- 2 If I come to Jesus,  
 He will hear my prayer ;  
 He will love me dearly,  
 He my sins did bear.

*Cho.*—If I come, &c.



3 If I come to Jesus,  
 He will take my hand,  
 He will kindly lead me  
 To a better land.  
*Cho.*—If I come, &c.

4 There with happy children,  
 Robed in snowy white,  
 I shall see my Saviour  
 In that world so bright.  
*Cho.*—If I come, &c.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1867.

## 102.

Parish Hymnal, p. 104. III. 3.

JESUS loves me, Jesus loves me;  
 He is always, always near;  
 If I try to please Him truly,  
 There is naught that I can fear.

- 2 Jesus loves me,—well I know it,  
 For to save my soul He died;  
 He for me bore pain and sorrow,  
 Nailéd hands and piercé side.
- 3 Jesus loves me, night and morning  
 Jesus hears the prayers I pray;  
 And He never, never leaves me,  
 When I work or when I play.
- 4 Jesus loves me,—and He watches  
 Over me with loving eye;  
 And He sends His holy angels,  
 Safe to keep me, till I die.

- 5 Jesus loves me,—O Lord Jesus,  
 Now I pray Thee by Thy love,  
 Keep me ever pure and holy,  
 Till I come to Thee above !

ANON.

### 103.

Millard's S. S. Chaplet, p. 6. P. M.

LITTLE hands may sow the sod,  
 Little hands may reap the plain ;  
 Little hands may work for God,—  
 Garnering His golden grain !  
 Weary ones are round us still,  
 While this world we wander through !  
 Help them with an earnest will !  
 Show what little hands may do !

*Cho.*—Work for God, work for God,  
 Work for God with might and main ;  
 While this world we wander through,  
 Gather up His golden grain !  
 Show what little hands may do.

- 2 Little hands may dry the tear,  
 Little hands may banish care ;  
 Labor for the Saviour dear !  
 Lo ! His fields are everywhere !  
 Go ye forth in morning's light,  
 There is work for me and you !  
 Toil with heart, and soul, and might !  
 Show what little hands may do ! *Cho.*

GEORGE COOPER, 1872.

## 104.

Bright Jewels, p. 84. II. 4.

KEEP Thou my way, O Lord!  
 Myself I cannot guide;  
 Nor dare I trust my erring steps  
   One moment from Thy side;  
 I cannot think aright,  
   Unless inspired by Thee;  
 My heart would fail without Thy aid,  
   Choose Thou my thoughts for me.

- 2 For every act of faith,  
   And every pure design,—  
 For all of good my soul can know,  
   The glory, Lord, be Thine;  
 Free grace my pardon seals,  
   Through Thy atoning blood;  
 Free grace the full assurance brings,  
   Of peace with Thee, my God.
- 3 O speak and I will hear;  
   Command, and I obey;  
 My willing feet with joy shall haste  
   To run the heavenly way;  
 Keep Thou my wand'ring heart,  
   And bid it cease to roam;  
 O bear me safe o'er death's cold wave  
   To heaven, my blissful home.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1869.

## 105.

Tune, Greenville. III. 5.

HEAR, O sinner! mercy hails you;  
 Now with sweetest voice she calls;

Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,  
 Ere the hand of justice falls :  
 Hear, O sinner !  
 'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 Haste, O sinner ! to the Saviour :  
 Seek His mercy while you may  
 Soon the day of grace is over ;  
 Soon your life will pass away ;  
 Haste, O sinner !  
 You must perish if you stay.

Rev. ANDREW REED.

# 106.

Pure Gold, p. 93. P. M.

**A** NYWHERE, with Jesus, says the Christian heart,  
 Let Him take me where He will, so we do not part ;  
 Always sitting at His feet, there's no cause for fears ;  
 Anywhere with Jesus in this vale of tears.

*Ref.*—Anywhere with Jesus, anywhere, anywhere ;  
 Anywhere with Jesus, I'll follow anywhere.

2 Anywhere with Jesus, though He leadeth me  
 Where the path is rough and long, where the dan-  
 gers be ;

Though He taketh from my heart all I love below,  
 Anywhere with Jesus will I gladly go. *Ref.*

3 Anywhere with Jesus, though He please to bring  
 Into floods, or fiercest flames, into suffering ;  
 Though He bid me work or wait, only bear for Him,  
 Anywhere with Jesus, this shall be my hymn. *Ref.*

4 Anywhere with Jesus ; for it cannot be  
Dreary, dark, or desolate, when He is with me ;  
He will love me to the end, ev'ry need supply ;  
Anywhere with Jesus, should I live or die. *Ref.*

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

107.

Happy Voices, No. 25. 7s & 6s.

COME, let us sing of Jesus,  
While hearts and accents blend,  
Come, let us sing of Jesus,  
The sinner's only Friend ;  
His holy soul rejoices  
Amid the choirs above,  
To hear our youthful voices  
Exulting in His love.

2 We love to sing of Jesus,  
Who wept our path along ;  
We love to sing of Jesus,  
The Tempted and the Strong ;  
None who besought His healing,  
He passed unheeded by ;  
And still retains His feeling  
For us above the sky.

3 We love to sing of Jesus,  
Who died our souls to save ;  
We love to sing of Jesus,  
Triumphant o'er the grave ;

And in our hour of danger  
 We'll trust His love alone,  
 Who once slept in a manger,  
 And now sits on the throne.

- 4 Then let us sing of Jesus,  
 While yet on earth we stay,  
 And hope to sing of Jesus  
 Throughout eternal day;  
 For those who here confess Him  
 He will in heaven confess,  
 And faithful hearts that bless Him  
 He will forever bless.

REV. GEO. W. BETHUNE, D. D., 1858.

## 108.

Hymns Ancient and Modern, No. 318. D. S. M.

CROWN Him with many crowns,  
 The LAMB upon His throne;  
 Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns  
 All music but its own:  
 Awake, my soul, and sing  
 Of Him who died for thee,  
 And hail Him as thy matchless King  
 Through all eternity.

- 2 Crown Him the Virgin's Son,  
 The GOD incarnate born,  
 Whose Arm those crimson trophies won  
 Which now His Brow adorn:

Fruit of the mystic Rose,  
As of that Rose the Stem ;  
The Root whence mercy ever flows,  
The Babe of Bethlehem.

3 Crown Him the Lord of love :  
Behold His Hands and Side,  
Rich Wounds yet visible above  
In beauty glorified :  
No Angel in the sky  
Can fully bear that sight,  
But downward bends his burning eye  
At mysteries so bright.

4 Crown Him the LORD of peace,  
Whose power a sceptre sways  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
And all be prayer and praise :  
His reign shall know no end, .  
And round His piercé'd Feet  
Fair flowers of Paradise extend  
Their fragrance ever sweet.

5 Crown Him the LORD of years,  
The Potentate of time,  
Creator of the rolling spheres,  
Ineffably Sublime :  
All hail, Redeemer, hail !  
For Thou hast died for me ;  
Thy praise shall never, never fail  
Throughout eternity.

## 109.

Gems of Praise, p. 33. IV. 4.

DEAR Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole ;  
 I want Thee forever to live in my soul ;  
 Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe ;  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

*Cho.*—Whiter than snow ; yes, whiter than snow ;  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain,  
 Apply Thine own blood, and extract ev'ry stain ;  
 To get this blest washing, I all things forego ;  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. *Cho.*

3 Dear Jesus, Thou see'st I patiently wait ;  
 Come now, and within me a new heart create ;  
 To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st  
 no,—

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. *Cho.*

4 Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat ;  
 I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet ;  
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow—  
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. *Cho.*

JAMES NICHOLSON, 1871

## 110.

Bradbury Trio, p. 28. II. 1.

DEAR Saviour, ever at my side,  
 How loving Thou must be,  
 To leave Thy home in heaven, to guard  
 A little child like me ;



Thy beautiful and shining face  
 I see not, though so near;  
 The sweetness of Thy soft, low voice  
 I am too deaf to hear.

2 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand  
 With pressure light and mild,  
 To check me, as my mother did,  
 When I was but a child;  
 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,  
 Fighting with sin for me;  
 And when my heart loves God, I know  
 The sweetness is from Thee.

3 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,  
 Morning and night, to prayer,  
 Something there is within my heart  
 Which tells me Thou art there;  
 Yes! when I pray, Thou prayest, too--  
 Thy prayer is all for me;  
 But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,  
 But watchest patiently.

REV. FRED. W. FABER.

### III.

The Hymnary, p. 14. III. 5.

FATHER, Thou art great and holy,  
 Hear us when we bend the knee;  
 Make us humble, meek and lowly,  
 Guide us to Thee.

- 2 Saints and angels fall before Thee,  
 Where the soul is ever free;  
 Humbly still we would adore Thee,  
 Guide us to Thee.
- 3 By Thy love and pow'r defended,  
 May we ever faithful be,  
 And when life's short day is ended,  
 Guide us to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1871.

## 112.

Millard's S. S. Chaplet, p. 13. P. M.

FIGHT the good fight bravely,  
 Yield not to the foe!

In the van of battle

Strike the victor's blow!

Jesus watcheth o'er you,

Do not be afraid!

Gird on all your armour,

Never be dismayed.

*Cho.*—Fight the good fight bravely!

Conquer far and wide!

Fight the good fight nobly,

God is on your side!

God is on your side!

- 2 Fight the good fight nobly,

Heed the tempter not!

In the march to victory

Be our toils forgot!

Onward still, and upward !

Fear not slight nor frown !

Soon, in joy and triumph,

Ye shall wear the crown !

*Cho.*—Fight the good fight, &c.

GEORGE COOPER, 1872.

### 113.

Parish Hymnal, p. 60. 7s & 6s.

GLORY, and praise, and honor  
To Thee, Redeemer, King !

To whom the lips of children

Made sweet hosannas ring.

*Cho.*—Glory, and praise, and honor

To Thee, Redeemer, King !

To whom the lips of children

Made sweet hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,

Thou, David's royal Son ;

Who in the Lord's name comest,

The King and blessed One.

Glory and praise, &c.

3 The company of heaven

Are praising Thee on high,

And mortal men and all things

Created make reply.

Glory and praise, &c.

4 The people of the Hebrews

With palms before Thee went :

Our praise, and prayer and anthems,

Before Thee we present.

Glory and praise, &c.

5 Thou wentest to Thy passion,  
 Amid their shouts of praise,—  
 Thou reignest now in glory;  
 While we our anthems raise.  
 Glory and praise, &c.

6 Thou did'st accept their praises;  
 Accept the prayers we bring,  
 Who in all good delightest,  
 Thou good and gracious King.  
 Glory and praise, &c.

S. THEODULPH, d. 821.

## 11

Songs of Salvation, p. 61. P. M.

GOD bless our School!  
 GOD Sing to the praise of God most high;  
 Sing how He sent His Son to die;  
 Sing how He brings salvation nigh:  
 God bless our School!

2 God bless our School!  
 Bring all the wand'ring children in,  
 Bring all the heirs of death and sin,  
 Bring them immortal life to win:  
 God bless our School!

3 God bless our School!  
 Teach us the Word of Truth to know,  
 Teach us in Christian strength to grow,  
 Teach us to serve Thee here below!  
 God bless our school!

- 4        God bless our School !  
 Fill all our hearts with heav'nly grace,  
 Lead us in love to that blest place  
 Where we shall see our Saviour's face :  
           God bless our School !

Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR, 1869.

### 115.

S. S. Chant and Tune Book, p. 70. III. 5.

- HARK, a voice across the ages,  
 H Mellow music o'er the sea—  
 Jesus calling little children,  
     Up beside His loving knee,  
         Ne'er forbid them,  
         Ne'er forbid them,  
 Suffer them to come to Me.
- 2 "Come ye blesséd of My Father,"  
     So they heard the Saviour say--  
 Heaven is full of little children,  
     In the sunny fields at play—  
         ||:Bring the children,:||  
 Do not send My lambs away.
- 3 Jesus, Master, still we hear Thee,  
     Still Thy smiling face we see ;  
 And we come to claim Thy blessing,  
     Clustered close beside Thy knee ;  
         ||:Saviour, bless us—:|'  
 Lay Thy hand on me, and me.

- 2 Take the grateful gifts we bring Thee,  
 In Thy temple courts to-day,  
 Hear the grateful songs we sing Thee,  
 Hear the humble prayers we pray;  
 ||:From Thy presence;||  
 Let us never, never stray.

G. A. STRONG, 1871.

## 116.

Parish Hymnal, p. 152. P. M.

**H**ARK! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling  
 O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat  
 shore:

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

*Cho.*—Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"  
 And, through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
 The music of the gospel leads us home. *Cho.*

- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
 And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee. *Cho.*

- 4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,  
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;  
 Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,  
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at  
 last. *Cho.*

- 5 Angels, sing on ! your faithful watches keeping ;  
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;  
 Till morning joy shall end the night of weeping,  
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love. *Cho.*

Rev. F. W. FABER, 1849.

## 117.

Winnowed Hymns, p. 77. L. M.

HE leadeth me : O blessed thought,  
 O words with heavenly comfort fraught ;  
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

*Ref.*—He leadeth me, He leadeth me,  
 By His own hand He leadeth me ;  
 His faithful follower I would be,  
 For by His hand He leadeth me.

- 2 Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
 By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—  
 Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me. *Ref.*

- 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
 Nor ever murmur nor repine—  
 Content whatever lot I see,  
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me. *Ref.*

- 4 And when my task on earth is done,  
 When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,  
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me. *Ref.*

Rev. JOSEPH HENRY GILMORE, 1861.

## 118.

Pure Gold, p. 101. III. 3.

WAKE the song of joy and gladness,  
 Hither bring your noblest lays;  
 Banish every thought of sadness,  
 Pouring forth your highest praise!  
 Sing to Him whose care has brought us  
 Once again with friends to meet,  
 Who with loving hearts have taught us  
 Of the way to Jesus' feet.

*Ref.*—Wake the song, wake the song,  
 The song of joy and gladness,  
 Wake the song, wake the song,  
 The song of jubilee.

- 2 Thanks to Thee, O holy Father,  
 For the mercies of the year;  
 May each heart, as here we gather,  
 Swell with gratitude sincere;  
 Thanks to Thee, O loving Saviour,  
 For redemption through Thy blood:  
 Breathe upon us, Holy Spirit,  
 Sweetly draw us near to God. *Ref.*

WM. F. SHERWIN, 1870.

## 119.

Happy Voices, No. 205. P. M.

I HAVE a Father in the promised land,  
 I have a Father in the promised land;  
 My Father calls me, I must go  
 To meet Him in the promised land.



*Cho.*—I'll away, I'll away, to the promised land,  
I'll away, I'll away, to the promised land,  
My Father calls me, I must go  
To meet Him in the promised land.

- 2 I have a Saviour in the promised land,  
I have a Saviour in the promised land;  
My Saviour calls me, I must go  
To meet Him in the promised land.

*Cho.*—I'll away, I'll away, &c.

- 3 I have a crown in the promised land,  
I have a crown in the promised land;  
When Jesus calls me, I must go  
To wear it in the promised land.

*Cho.*—I'll away, I'll away, &c.

- 4 I hope to meet you in the promised land,  
I hope to meet you in the promised land;  
At Jesus' feet, a joyous band,  
We'll praise Him in the promised land.

*Cho.*—We'll away, we'll away, &c.

LUCIUS HART, 1854.

## 120.

Happy Voices, No. 87. P. M.

I KNOW there's a crown for the saints of renown,  
And for saints whose good deeds are unsung;  
But oh! say, is it true, if their days are but few,  
That a crown is laid up for the young?

*Cho.*

Yes, yes, yes, I know there's a crown for the young;  
If their lives daily prove that the Saviour they love,  
I know there's a crown for the young.

- 2 The youthful shall stand in that beautiful land,  
And the song of salvation shall sing;  
And the infant of days strike its harp in the praise  
Of Immanuel, its Saviour and King. *Cho.*
- 3 The noble of birth, and the poor of the earth,  
Both the man, and the youth, and the child,  
If in Jesus they trust, when they rise from the dust  
Shall be crowned in the land undefiled. *Cho.*
- 4 The soul of a child, though by folly defiled,  
Is more precious than tongue can express;  
And redeemed by the blood that on Calvary flowed,  
It shall shine in the region of bliss. *Cho.*
- 5 Then be it your care for that world to prepare;  
Bear the cross, that the crown may be yours;  
Never tire in the road that leads upward to God,  
For the crown is for him who endures. *Cho.*

REV. ALFRED A. GRALEY, 1864.

## 121.

The Prize, p. 12. 7s & 6s.

I LOVE to hear the story  
Which angel voices tell,  
How once the King of Glory  
Came down on earth to dwell:  
I am both weak and sinful,  
But this I surely know,  
The Lord came down to save me,  
Because He loved me so.

- 2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour  
 Was once a child like me,  
 To show how pure and holy  
 His little ones might be :  
 And if I try to follow  
 His footsteps here below,  
 He never will forget me,  
 Because He loves me so.
- 3 To sing His love and mercy,  
 My sweetest songs I'll raise,  
 And though I cannot see Him,  
 I know He hears my praise !  
 For He has kindly promised  
 That I shall surely go  
 To sing among His angels,  
 Because He loves me so.

Mrs. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, 1867.

## 122.

Royal Diadem, p. 35. P. M.

I NEED Thee every hour,  
 I Most gracious Lord ;  
 No tender voice like Thine  
 Can peace afford.

*Cho.*—I need Thee, oh ! I need Thee ;  
 Every hour I need Thee ;  
 O bless me now, my Saviour !  
 I come to Thee.

- 2 I need Thee every hour;  
Stay Thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh. *Cho.*
- 3 I need Thee every hour,  
In joy or in pain;  
Come quickly and abide,  
Or life is vain. *Cho.*
- 4 I need Thee every hour;  
Teach me Thy will;  
And Thy rich promises  
In me fulfil. *Cho.*
- 5 I need Thee every hour,  
Most Holy One;  
Oh, make me Thine indeed,  
Thou blessed Son. *Cho.*

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS, 1872.

### 123.

Clariona, p. 28—Tune "Webb." 7s & 6s.

I NEED Thee, precious Jesus,  
For I am very poor;  
A stranger and a pilgrim,  
I have no earthly store;  
I need the love of Jesus  
To cheer me on my way,  
To guide my doubting footsteps,  
To be my strength and stay.

- 2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,  
I need a friend like Thee,  
A friend to soothe and pity,  
A friend to care for me ;  
I need the heart of Jesus  
To feel each anxious care,  
To tell my every trial,  
And all my sorrows share.
- 3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,  
I need Thee, day by day,  
To fill me with Thy fulness,  
To lead me on my way ;  
I need Thy Holy Spirit  
To teach me what I am,  
To show me more of Jesus,  
To point me to the Lamb.
- 4 I need Thee, precious Jesus,  
And hope to see Thee soon  
Encircled with the rainbow,  
And seated on Thy throne ;  
There, with Thy blood-bought children,  
My joy shall ever be,  
To sing Thy praises, Jesus,  
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

REV. FRED. WHITFIELD, 1855.

## 124.

Happy Voices, No. 27. P. M.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,

How He call'd little children as lambs to His fold,  
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,  
That His arms had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen His kind look when He  
said,  
“Let the little ones come unto Me.”

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in His love ;  
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,  
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

4 In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare,  
For all who are washed and forgiven ;  
And many dear children are gathering there,  
“For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

Mrs. JEMIMA THOMPSON LUKE, 1841.

## 125.

S. S. Chant and Tune Book, p. 53. D. S. M.

I WAS a wandering sheep,  
I did not love the fold ;  
I did not love my Saviour's voice,  
I would not be controlled.  
I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home ;  
I did not love my Father's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.

- 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
The Father sought His child,  
And followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild.  
He found me nigh to death,  
Famish'd, and faint and lone ;  
He bound me with the bands of love,  
And saved the wand'ring one.
- 3 He spoke in tender love,  
He raised my drooping head ;  
He gently closed my bleeding wounds,  
My fainting soul He fed.  
He wash'd my filth away,  
He made me clean and fair,  
He brought me to my home in peace,  
The long-sought wanderer.
- 4 Jesus my Shepherd is,  
'Twas He that loved my soul,  
'Twas He that wash'd me in His blood,  
'Twas He that made me whole.  
'Twas He that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep,  
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,  
'Tis He that still doth keep.
- 5 I was a wandering sheep,  
I would not be controlled ;  
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,  
I love, I love the fold !

I was a wayward child;  
 I once preferr'd to roam,  
 But now I love my Father's voice;  
 I love, I love His home!

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR. 1844.

## 126.

Pure Gold, p. 63. P. M.

**I**N the highways and hedges go seek for the lost,  
 Gather them into the fold--  
 Was the earnest command that our Saviour divine  
 Taught His disciples of old.

*Cho.*—Urge them to come, show them the way,  
 Tenderly, lovingly, bring them to-day;  
 Urge them to come, why should they roam?  
 Bring them along to our dear Sabbath home.

2 If the Shepherd we love, we must care for the sheep;  
 Precious are they in His sight;  
 They are out in the desert, they wander alone;  
 Lead them from darkness to light. *Cho.*

3 To the weary and thirsty the Saviour has said,  
 "Come, heavy laden, to Me,  
 I will give you to drink of the water of life;"  
 Tell them the fountain is free. *Cho.*

4 There's a welcome for all in the kingdom of grace,  
 All who repent and believe;  
 And the souls that have strayed and returned to the  
 fold,  
 Jesus will gladly receive. *Cho.*

Rev. C. R. BLACKALL, D. D., 1871.



## 127.

Songs of Devotion, p. 111. II. 5.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move !  
Bound to the land of bright spirits above ;  
Jesus our Saviour in mercy says, Come,  
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.  
Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,  
Soon to the presence of God we shall go ;  
Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,  
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heaven.

- 2 Teachers and scholars have passed on before ;  
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,  
Singing to cheer us while passing along :  
“ Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.”  
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear ;  
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,  
Filling with harmony heaven’s high dome ;  
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.
- 3 Death, with his arrow, may soon lay us low ;  
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow :  
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb ;  
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home.  
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,  
Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone,  
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we ’ll roam,  
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

Rev. WM. HUNTER, D. D., 1842, alt.

## 128.

Pure Gold, p. 32. P. M.

LEAD me to Jesus, lead me to Jesus,  
 Help me to love Him, help me to pray;  
 He is my Saviour, I would believe Him;  
 I would be like Him, show me the way.

*Cho.*

Quickly haste and come where happy children meet,  
 Hither come and rest thy little weary feet;  
 Turn from thy pleasures, turn from thy play,  
 Come to our Sunday-school away.

2 Lead me to Jesus, He will protect me,  
 He is so loving, gentle and mild;  
 Calling the children, bidding them welcome;  
 Surely He calls me, I am a child. *Cho.*

3 Tell me of Jesus, tell of His mercy;  
 Is there a fountain flowing so free?  
 All who are willing drink of its waters;  
 Say, is that fountain flowing for me? *Cho.*

4 Lord, I am coming! Jesus, my Saviour,  
 Pity my weakness, make me Thy child;  
 I would receive Thee, trust and believe Thee,  
 I would be like Thee, gentle and mild. *Cho.*

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1870.

## 129.

Bradbury Trio, p. 83. P. M.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,  
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
 Would not detain them as they fly!  
 Those hours of toil and danger.

For oh ! we stand on Jordan's strand,  
 Our friends are passing over,  
 And just before, the shining shore  
 We may almost discover.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
 Our distant home discerning ;  
 Our absent Lord has left us word,  
 Let every lamp be burning. For oh ! &c.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,  
 We need not cease our singing ;  
 That perfect rest nought can molest,  
 Where golden harps are ringing. For oh ! &c.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
 Each chord on earth to sever,  
 Our King says, come, and there's our home,  
 For ever, oh ! for ever ! For oh ! &c.

Rev. DAVID NELSON, 1835.

130.

Happy Voices, No. 75. P. M.

OH do not be discouraged,  
 For Jesus is your friend ;  
 Oh do not be discouraged,  
 For Jesus is your friend.  
 He will give you grace to conquer,  
 He will give you grace to conquer,  
 And keep you to the end.

*Cho.*—I am glad I'm in this army,  
 ||: Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army, :||  
 And I'll battle for the school.  
 ||: He will give you grace to conquer, :||  
 And keep you to the end.

2 Fight on, ye little soldiers,  
     The battle you shall win ;  
 Fight on, ye little soldiers,  
     The battle you shall win ;  
 For the Saviour is your Captain,  
 For the Saviour is your Captain,  
     And he has vanquished sin. *Cho.*

3 And when the conflict's over,  
     Before Him you shall stand ;  
 And when the conflict's over,  
     Before Him you shall stand ;  
 You shall sing His praise forever,  
 You shall sing His praise forever,  
     In Canaan's happy land. *Cho.*

MISS ABBY HEWITT, 1854.

### 131.

Hollister's S. S. S. and Tune Book, p. 43. III. 5.

ONCE was heard the song of children,  
 By the Saviour when on earth ;  
 Joyful, in the sacred temple,  
     Shouts of youthful praise had birth ;  
     And hosannas  
 Loud to David's Son broke forth.

2 Palms of victory strewn around Him,  
     Garments spread beneath His feet,  
 Prophet of the Lord they crown'd Him,  
     In fair Salem's crowded street ;  
     While hosannas  
 From the lips of children greet.

- 3 God, o'er all in heaven reigning,  
 We this day Thy glory sing;  
 Not with palms Thy pathway strewing,  
 We would loftier tribute bring—  
 Glad hosannas  
 To our Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 4 O! though humble is our off'ring,  
 Deign accept our grateful lays—  
 These from children once proceeding,  
 Thou didst deem "perfected praise."  
 Now hosannas  
 Saviour, Lord, to Thee we raise!

Mrs. M. H. MAXWELL, 1847.

### 132.

Winnowed Hymns, p. 37. 8s & 4s.

- ONE there is above all others,  
 Oh, how He loves!  
 His is love beyond a brother's,  
 Oh, how He loves!  
 Earthly friends may fail or leave us,  
 One day soothe, the next day grieve us;  
 But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,  
 Oh, how He loves!
- 2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,  
 Oh, how He loves!  
 Think, oh, think how much we owe Him,  
 Oh, how He loves!  
 With His precious blood He bought us,  
 In the wilderness He sought us,  
 To His fold He safely brought us,  
 Oh, how he loves!

3 Blesséd Jesus! would you know Him?

Oh, how He loves!

Give yourself entirely to Him,

Oh, how he loves!

Think no longer of the morrow,

From the past new courage borrow,

Jesus carries all your sorrow,

Oh, how He loves.

4 All your sins shall be forgiven,

Oh, how He loves!

Backward shall your foes be driven,

Oh, how He loves!

Best of blessings He'll provide you,

Nought but good shall e'er betide you,

Safe to glory He will guide you,

Oh, how He loves!

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779,  
alt. MARIANNE NUNN, 1813.

### 133.

Happy Voices, No. 210. P. M.

OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride—  
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;  
Tossed on the waves of the rough restless tide—  
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.  
Far from the safe quiet harbor we've rode,  
Seeking our Father's celestial abode.

Promise of which on us each He bestowed—  
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars—  
We're ||:homeward bound;:||  
Look, yonder lie the bright heavenly shores—  
We're ||:homeward bound.:||  
Steady, O pilot, stand firm at the wheel;  
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale:  
Oh how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail—  
We're ||:homeward bound.:||

3 We'll tell the world as we journey along,  
We're ||:homeward bound;:||  
Try to persuade them to enter our throng—  
We're ||:homeward bound.:||  
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and opprest,  
Join in our number, Oh come and be blest;  
Journey with us to the mansions of rest—  
We're ||:homeward bound.:||

4 Into the harbor of heaven we glide—  
We're ||:home at last;:||  
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide—  
We're ||:home at last.:||  
Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er,  
We stand secure on the glorified shore;  
“Glory to God!” we will shout evermore;  
We're ||:home at last!:||

## 134.

Millard's Sunday School Chaplet, p. 32. P. M.

**P**RAY without ceasing lest tempters prevail !

Pray lest your spirit may falter or fail !

Pray to our Father in joy as in pain ;

Pray while the moments of life shall remain.

*Cho.*—Pray to our Father in youth's early day !

Day-time and night-time unceasingly pray,

Pray to our Father in youth's early day,

Day-time and night-time unceasingly pray !

2 Pray for His guidance when doubts shall arise ;

Never unheeded your pitiful cries !

Strength to your bosom His mercy shall send ;

Let our petition in harmony blend ! *Cho.*

3 Pray, for the darkness of night cometh on !

Pray till your labor is over and done !

Pray till the warfare of sin shall be o'er

Pray to the Father of all, evermore ! *Cho.*

GEORGE COOPER, 1872.

## 135.

Happy Voices, No. 43. L. M.

**P**RESERVED by Thine almighty power,

O Lord, our Maker, Saviour, King,

And brought to see this happy hour,

We come Thy praises here to sing.

*Cho.*—Happy day, happy day,

Here in Thy courts we'll gladly stay,

And at Thy footstool humbly pray

That Thou wouldst take our sins away :

Happy day, happy day,

When Christ shall wash our sins away.



2 We praise Thee for Thy constant care,  
 For life preserved, for mercies given;  
 Oh may we still those mercies share,  
 And taste the joys of sins forgiven. *Cho.*

3 And when on earth our days are done,  
 Grant, Lord, that we at length may join,  
 Teachers and scholars round Thy throne,  
 The song of Moses and the Lamb. *Cho.*

ANON.

### 136.

Millard's S. S. Chaplet, p. 8. P. M.

RAISE the banner of the Cross,  
 And set the Anthems ringing!  
 March we on through pain and loss,  
 All dangers we defy!  
 Faith our armor! still we're singing,  
 Unto God our tribute bringing;  
 Onward ever! Falter never!  
 Soldiers!

Raise the banner of the Cross, we'll conquer or die!

2 All around us, see! the foe  
 Is marshalled to assail us!  
 Sin shall fall at every blow,  
 And darksome Error fly!  
 Jesus leads us! what can ail us?  
 Holy Angels proudly hail us!  
 Onward ever! Falter never!  
 Soldiers!

Raise the banner of the Cross, we'll conquer or die!

- 3 We are battling for the Right,  
 And Wrong shall ever fear us!  
 God will aid us with His might,  
 And all our needs supply!  
 He will guide us, He will cheer us!  
 He will bless and linger near us!  
 Onward ever! Falter never!  
 Soldiers!

Raise the banner of the Cross, we'll conquer or die!

GEORGE COOPER, 1872.

### 137.

Pure Gold, p. 9. 7s & 6s.

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,  
 Safe on His gentle breast,  
 There by His love o'ershaded,  
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.  
 Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,  
 Borne in a song to me,  
 Over the fields of glory,  
 Over the Jasper sea.

*Cho.*---Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
 Safe on His gentle breast,  
 There by His love o'ershaded,  
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.

- 2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
 Safe from corroding care,  
 Safe from the world's temptations,  
 Sin cannot harm me there.

Free from the blight of sorrow,  
 Free from my doubts and fears;  
 Only a few more trials,  
 Only a few more tears! *Cho.*

- 3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,  
 Jesus has died for me;  
 Firm on the Rock of Ages,  
 Ever my trust shall be.  
 Here let me wait with patience,  
 Wait till the night is o'er;  
 Wait till I see the morning  
 Break on the golden shore. *Cho.*  
 FANNY J. CROSBY, April 30th, 1869.

### 138.

Bradbury Trio, p. 94. III. 5.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,  
 Much we need Thy tend'rest care;  
 In Thy pleasant pasture feed us,  
 For our use Thy fold prepare.  
 ||:Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
 Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.:||

- 2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,  
 Be the guardian of our way;  
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,  
 Seek us when we go astray.  
 ||:Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
 Hear, O hear us when we pray.:||
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
 Poor and sinful though we be;  
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,

Grace to cleanse, and power to free.

||:Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
We will early turn to Thee.:||

- 4 Early let us seek Thy favor,  
Early let us do Thy will;  
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,  
With Thy love our bosoms fill.

||:Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
Thou hast loved us, love us still !:||

DOROTHY ANN THRUPP, 1838.

### 139.

Songs of Salvation, p. 14. 7s & 6s.

STAND up, stand up for Jesus,  
Ye soldiers of the cross ;  
Lift high His royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss :  
From victory unto victory,  
His army shall He lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
Stand in His strength alone ;  
The arm of flesh will fail you,  
Ye dare not trust your own.  
Put on the gospel armor,  
Each piece put on with prayer,  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.
- 3 Stand up—stand up for Jesus !  
The strife will not be long ;

This day the noise of battle,  
 The next the victor's song ;  
 To him that overcometh,  
 A crown of life shall be ;  
 He with the King of glory  
 Shall reign eternally.

Rev. GEORGE DUFFIELD, Jr., 1858.

### 140.

Pure Gold, p. 96. P. M.

STRIKE! O strike for vict'ry,  
 Soldiers of the Lord,  
 Hoping in His mercy,  
 Trusting in His word ;  
 Lift the gospel banner  
 High above the world ;  
 Let its folds of beauty  
 Ever be unfurled.

*Cho.*—Strike! strike for vict'ry, heroes bold;  
 Strike! till the vict'ry you behold;  
 Strike! strike for vict'ry ne'er give o'er;  
 Rest then in glory evermore.

2 What though raging lions  
 Meet us on the way!  
 Zionward we're marching,  
 Tow'rd the gates of day;  
 Ever pressing onward,  
 Onward to the light,  
 Till we reach the Jordan,  
 With our home in sight. *Cho.*

Strike ! O strike for vict'ry,  
 Heroes of the cross,  
 Sacrificing pleasure  
 Glorifying in loss ;  
 Bind the helmet stronger,  
 Tighter grasp the sword ;  
 Conquering and to conquer,  
 Battle for the Lord. *Cho.*

- 3 Hand to hand united,  
 Heart to heart as one,  
 Let us still keep marching  
 Till our journey's done,  
 Till we see the angels  
 Come in glory down,  
 With the shining garments  
 And the victor's crown. *Cho.*

Mrs. FANNY J. VAN ALSTYNE, 1868.

# 141.

Winnowed Hymns, p. 75. L. M.

SWEET hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !  
 That calls me from a world of care,  
 And bids me at my Father's throne,  
 Make all my wants and wishes known ;  
 In seasons of distress and grief,  
 My soul has often found relief,  
 ||: And oft escaped the tempter's snare,  
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. :||

- 2 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !  
 Thy wings shall my petition bear,

To Him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless ;  
And since He bids me seek His face,  
Believe His word, and trust His grace,  
||:I'll cast on Him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.:||

- 3 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of prayer !  
May I thy consolation share ;  
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my home and take my flight ;  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
||:To seize the everlasting prize,  
And shout, while passing through the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer !:||

Rev WM. W. WALFORD, 1846.

## 142.

Pure Gold, p. 13. III. 3.

TAKE the name of Jesus with you,  
Child of sorrow and of woe—  
It will joy and comfort give you,  
Take it then where'er you go.

*Cho.*—Precious name, O how sweet !  
Hope of earth and Joy of heav'n.  
Precious name, O how sweet !  
Hope of earth and Joy of heav'n.

- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever,  
As a shield from every snare ;  
If temptations 'round you gather,  
Breathe that holy name in prayer. *Cho.*

- 3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;  
     How it thrills our souls with joy,  
 When His loving arms receive us,  
     And His songs our tongues employ! *Cho.*
- 4 At the name of Jesus bowing,  
     Falling prostrate at His feet,  
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,  
     When our journey is complete. *Cho.*

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER, 1870.

### 143.

Pure Gold, p. 106. 7s & 6s.

- T**ELL me the Old, Old Story  
     Of unseen things above,  
 Of Jesus and His glory  
     Of Jesus and His love.  
 Tell me the Story simply,  
     As to a little child,  
 For I am weak and weary,  
     And helpless and defiled.
- Cho.*—Tell me the Old, Old Story,  
     Tell me the Old, Old Story,  
     Tell me the Old, Old Story  
     Of Jesus and His love.
- 2 Tell me the Story slowly,  
     That I may take it in—  
 That wonderful redemption,  
     God's remedy for sin.  
 Tell me the Story often,  
     For I forget so soon!  
 'The "early dew" of morning  
     Has passed away at noon. *Cho.*



- 3 Tell me the Story softly,  
 With earnest tones and grave:  
 Remember! I'm the sinner  
 Whom Jesus came to save.  
 Tell me that Story always,  
 If you would really be,  
 In any time of trouble,  
 A comforter to me. *Cho.*
- 4 Tell me the same Old Story,  
 When you have cause to fear  
 That this world's empty glory  
 Is costing me too dear.  
 Yes, and when that world's glory  
 Is dawning on my soul,  
 Tell me the Old, Old Story:  
 "Christ Jesus makes thee whole." *Cho.*
- Miss KATE HANKEY, 1867.

## 144.

Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs, p. 56. P. M.

THE great Physician now is near,  
 The sympathizing Jesus:  
 He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,  
 Oh! hear the voice of Jesus.

*Cho.*—"Sweetest note in seraph song,  
 Sweetest name on mortal tongue,  
 Sweetest carol ever sung,  
 Jesus, blessed Jesus."

- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven,  
 O hear the voice of Jesus;

Go on your way in peace to heaven,  
And wear a crown with Jesus. *Cho.*

3 All glory to the dying Lamb,  
I now believe in Jesus;  
I love the blessed Saviour's name,  
I love the name of Jesus. *Cho.*

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,  
No other name but Jesus;  
Oh! how my soul delights to hear  
The charming name of Jesus. *Cho.*

5 Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,  
Oh! praise the name of Jesus;  
Come, sisters all, your voices raise,  
Oh, bless the name of Jesus. *Cho.*

6 And when to that bright world above,  
We rise to see our Jesus,  
We'll sing around that throne of love  
The name, the name of Jesus. *Cho.*

REV. WM. HUNTER, 1842.

### 145.

Bradbury Trio, p. 44. P. M.

THERE is no name so sweet on earth,  
No name so sweet in heaven:  
The name before His wond'rous birth  
To Christ the Saviour given.

*Cho.*—We love to sing around our King,  
And hail Him blessed Jesus;  
For there's no word ear ever heard,  
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

- 2 His human name they did proclaim,  
 When Abram's son they seal'd Him ;  
 The name that still, by God's good will,  
 Deliverer revealed Him.

We love to sing, &c.

- 3 And when He hung upon the tree,  
 They wrote His name above Him,  
 That all might see the reason we  
 For evermore must love Him.

We love to sing, &c.

- 4 So now upon His Father's throne,  
 Almighty to release us  
 From sin and pains, He gladly reigns,  
 The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

We love to sing, &c.

REV. GEO. W. BETHUNE, D. D., 1858.

### 146.

Parish Hymnal, p. 118. 7s & 6s D.

THERE'S a Friend for little children  
 Above the bright blue sky,  
 A Friend that never changes,  
 Whose love will never die :  
 Unlike our friends by nature,  
 Who change with changing years,  
 This Friend is always worthy  
 The precious name He bears.

- 2 There's a rest for little children,  
 Above the bright blue sky,  
 Who love the blessed Saviour  
 And to His Father cry ;

A rest from every trouble,  
 From sin and danger free;  
 There every little pilgrim  
 Shall rest eternally.

- 3 There's a crown for little children,  
 Above the bright blue sky,  
 And all who look to Jesus  
 Shall wear it by and by;  
 A crown of brightest glory  
 Which He shall sure bestow,  
 On all who love the Saviour,  
 And walk with Him below.

Rev. ALBERT MIDLANE, 1860.

### 147.

Bright Jewels, p. 103. P. M.

THERE'S a gentle voice within, calls away.  
 'Tis a warning I have heard o'er and o'er;  
 But my heart is melted now, I obey.  
 From my Saviour I will wander no more.

*Cho.*—Yes, I will go; yes, I will go;  
 To Jesus I will go and be saved:  
 Yes, I will go; yes, I will go;  
 To Jesus I will go and be saved.

- 2 He has promised all my sins to forgive,  
 If I ask in simple faith for His love;  
 In His Holy word I learn how to live,  
 And to labor for His kingdom above. *Cho.*
- 3 I will try to bear the cross in my youth,  
 And be faithful to its cause till I die;

If with cheerful step I walk in the truth,  
I shall wear a starry crown by and by. *Cho.*

- 4 Still the gentle voice within calls away,  
And its warning I have heard o'er and o'er ;  
But my heart is melted now, I obey ;  
From my Saviour I will wander no more. *Cho.*

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868.

### 148.

Millard's S. S. Chaplet, p. 27. P. M.

WE are marching to the river,  
'Tis almost in sight !

With the loved and blest forever,  
We shall walk in light !

We can almost hear the flowing  
Of that rushing tide !

To the Land of Love we're going,  
Where our hopes abide !

*Cho.*—We are marching to the river,  
'Tis almost in sight !

Just across, we'll meet the Angels  
Robed in spotless white !

- 2 Loving ones will come to meet us,  
On the further shore !

Gentle voices there will greet us,  
And we'll weep no more !

Step by step, that shore we're nearing,  
And the Saviour's hand

Leads us onward, never fearing,  
To the Better Land ! *Cho.*

GEORGE COOPER, 1872.

## 149.

Winnowed Hymns, p. 23. III. 3.

WE shall meet beyond the river,  
By and by, by and by;  
And the darkness shall be over,  
By and by, by and by;  
With the toilsome journey done,  
And the glorious battle won,  
We shall shine forth as the sun,  
By and by, by and by.

2 We shall strike the harps of glory,  
By and by, by and by;  
We shall sing redemption's story,  
By and by, by and by;  
And the strains for evermore  
Shall resound in sweetness o'er  
Yonder everlasting shore,  
By and by, by and by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,  
By and by, by and by;  
Who a crown of life will give us  
By and by, by and by;  
And the angels who fulfil  
All the mandates of His will  
Shall attend, and love us still,  
By and by, by and by.

Rev. JOHN ATKINSON, Jan. 1867.

## 150.

Songs of Salvation, p. 22. P. M.

WE'VE listed in a holy war,  
Battling for the Lord !  
Eternal life, our guiding star,  
Battling for the Lord !

*Cho.*—We'll work till Jesus comes,  
We'll work till Jesus comes,  
We'll work till Jesus comes,  
And then we'll rest at home.

2 We've girded on our armour bright,  
Battling for the Lord !  
Our Captain's word our strength and might,  
Battling for the Lord ! *Cho.*

3 We'll stand like heroes on the field,  
Battling for the Lord !  
And in His strength we'll never yield,  
Battling for the Lord ! *Cho.*

4 Though sin and death our way oppress,  
Battling for the Lord !  
Through grace we'll conquer all our foes,  
Battling for the Lord ! *Cho.*

5 And when our glorious war is o'er  
Conqu'rors through the Lord !  
We'll shout salvation evermore,  
Conqu'rors through the Lord ! *Cho*

Rev. W. HUNTER, alt.

## 151.

Millard's S. S. Chaplet, p. 61. P. M.

WE shall meet in the by-and-by !  
By-and-by ! By-and-by !

We shall meet in the by-and-by  
And never be parted more !

O, the joy we then shall know,  
For the Saviour tells us so !

How our spirits long to go  
Up to that golden shore !

*Cho.*—We shall meet in the by-and-by !  
By-and-by ! By-and-by !

We shall meet in the by-and-by,  
And never be parted more !

Alleluia, Amen ! Alleluia, Amen !

2 We shall meet in the by-and-by !  
By-and-by ! By-and-by !

We shall meet in the by-and-by,  
So wipe away every tear !

In our Father's mansions fair,  
Angel hands will soothe our care :

O the love beyond compare,  
Up in that home so dear !

*Cho.*—We shall meet, &c.

3 We shall meet in the by-and-by !  
By-and-by ! By-and-by !

We shall meet in the by-and-by !  
Our journey will soon be done.

Here we wait a little while,  
Where the toils of sin beguile,



Then we'll see the Saviour's smile,  
 After our victory's won.  
*Cho.*—We shall meet, &c.

GEORGE COOPER, 1872.

## 152.

Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs, p. 30. III. 3.

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,  
 All our sins and griefs to bear;  
 What a privilege to carry  
 Everything to God in prayer.  
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,  
 Oh, what needless pain we bear—  
 All because we do not carry  
 Everything to God in prayer.

- 2 Have we trials and temptations?  
 Is there trouble anywhere?  
 We should never be discouraged,  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Can we find a Friend so faithful,  
 Who will all our sorrows share?  
 Jesus knows our every weakness,  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,  
 Cumbered with a load of care?  
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
 Thou wilt find a refuge there.

Rev. H. BONAR.

## 153.

S. S. Chant and Tune Book, p. 34. II. 4.

WHEN little Samuel woke  
And heard his Maker's voice,  
At every word He spoke  
How much did he rejoice !  
Oh ! blesséd, happy child ! to find  
The God of heaven so near and kind.

2 If God would speak to me,  
And say He was my friend,  
How happy should I be !  
Oh, how would I attend !  
The smallest sin I then should fear,  
If God Almighty were so near.

3 And does He never speak ?  
Oh, yes ; for in His word  
He bids me come and seek  
The God whom Samuel heard :  
In almost every page I see,  
The God of Samuel calls to me.

4 And I, beneath His care,  
May safely rest my head ;  
I know that God is there,  
To guard my humble bed ;  
And every sin I well may fear,  
Since God Almighty is so near.

5 Like Samuel, let me say,  
Whene'er I read His word,  
" Speak, Lord ; I would obey

The voice that Samuel heard :”  
And when I in Thy house appear,  
Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear.

JANE TAYLOR, 1809.

### 154.

Millard's S. S. Chaplet, p. 11. P. M.

WHILE the sun is warm and bright,  
Watch and pray !

Soon will fall the gloom of night,  
Watch and pray !

While the days of youth go by,  
Let them not unheeded fly ;  
While our hopes are beating high,  
||: Watch and pray !: ||

2 Soon the Saviour's voice shall call,  
Watch and pray !

Heed the warning that may fall,  
Watch and pray !

In the bud and bloom of life,  
When the sweetest joys are rife  
In the weary maze of strife,  
||: Watch and pray !: ||

3 Lest ye heed the tempter's cry,  
Watch and pray !

Though your troubled hearts may sigh,  
Watch and pray !

Lo ! the hour is close at hand,  
We are near the heavenly land,  
Heed our loving Lord's command,  
||: Watch and pray !: ||

GEORGE COOPER, 1872.

## 155.

Millard's S. S. Chaplet, p. 26. P. M.

WHY do your hearts repine?—  
We'll soon be Home!  
Yonder the sun doth shine,—  
We'll soon be Home!  
Sorrow no more shall be!  
Jesus to you and me  
Calleth so lovingly!  
We'll soon be Home!

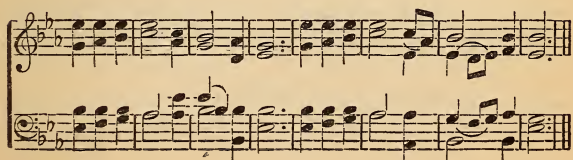
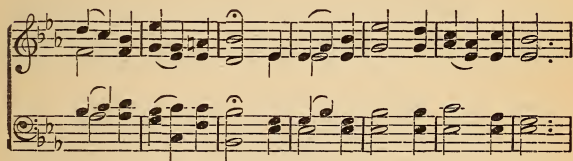
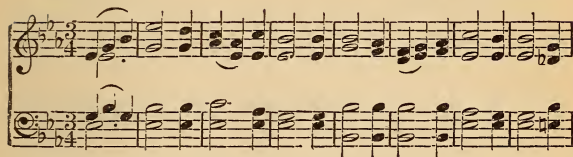
2 Faint not beside the way,—  
We'll soon be Home!  
Still for His guidance pray,—  
We'll soon be Home!  
What are the toils we bear?  
What are the griefs we share?—  
God will repay us there!  
We'll soon be Home!

3 Wait but a little while,—  
We'll soon be Home!  
Jesus will on us smile,—  
We'll soon be Home!  
He will His comfort send,  
He is our only Friend;  
Trust Him unto the end,—  
We'll soon be Home!

## HAIL! BLESSED CHRISTMAS DAY.

Words on p. 15.

LEWIS H. REDNER.



## RING OUT THE ANTHEM!

Words on page 56.

C. FITZSIMMONS, by per.

*Lively.*

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, featuring chords and arpeggiated figures. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, also featuring chords and arpeggiated figures. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

*Piano or Organ.*

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves, continuing the melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The notation and instrumentation remain consistent.

CHORUS.

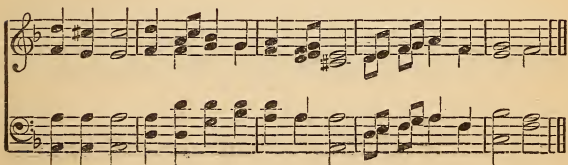
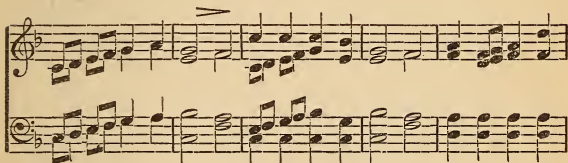
The chorus section of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff continues the melodic line, while the middle and bottom staves provide the piano accompaniment. The key signature and time signature are maintained.



## THE EASTER MORNING.

Words on page 50.

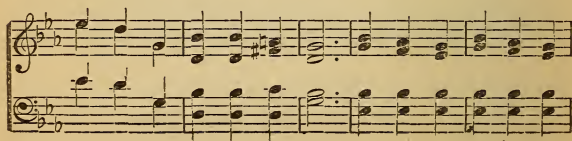
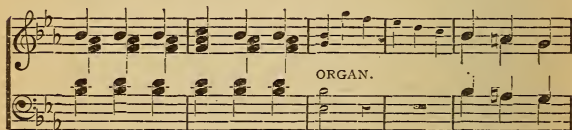
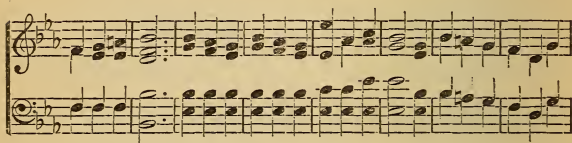
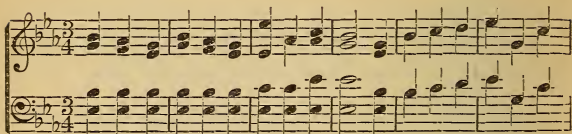
LEWIS H. REDNER.



## HAIL! TO THE BRIGHTNESS.

Words on p. 53.

LEWIS H. REDNER.



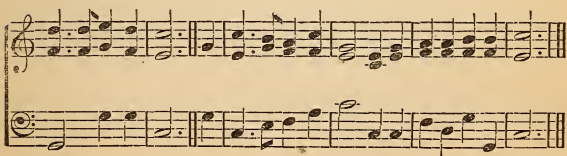
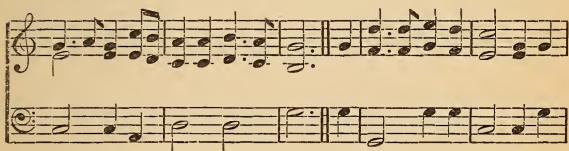
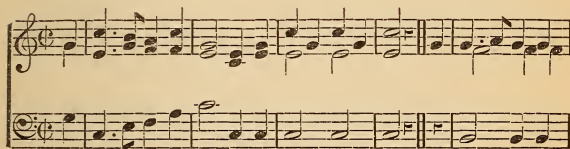




## RING OUT THE BELLS.

Words on p. 25.

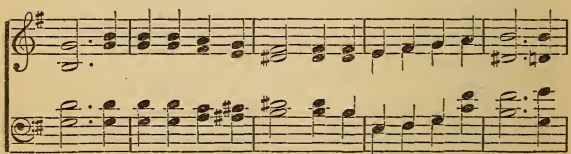
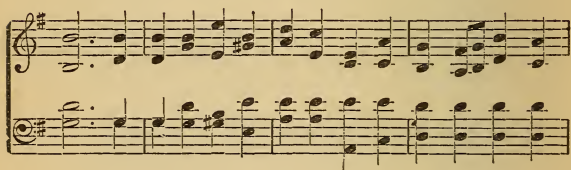
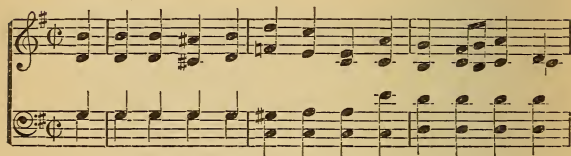
J. MOSENTHAL.



## LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM.

Words on p. 22.

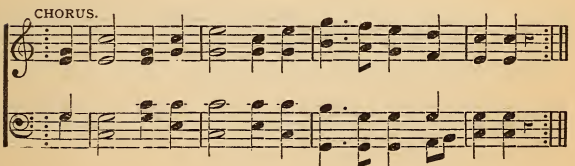
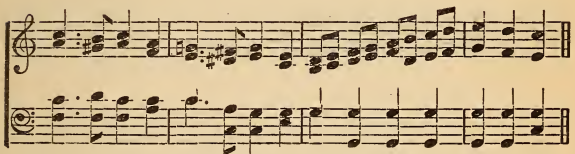
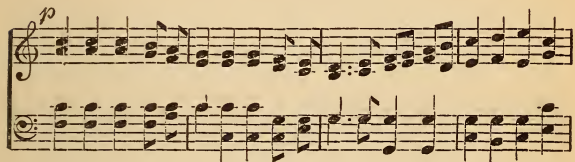
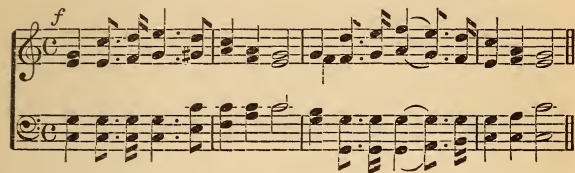
LEWIS H. REDNER.



## GATHER AROUND THE CHRISTMAS TREE,

Words on p. 14.

Music by FRED. SCHILLING.



## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Words on p. 21.

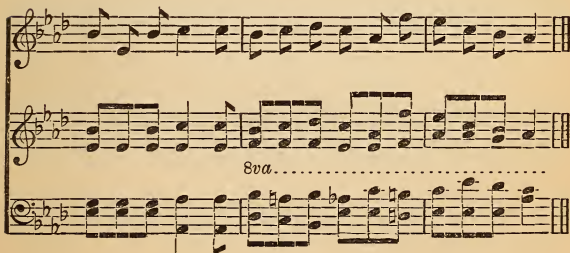
JOHN B. MARSH. 1872.

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in treble clef, and the bottom in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The music begins with a melodic line in the top staff, followed by a harmonic accompaniment in the middle and bottom staves. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is placed below the middle staff. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It maintains the same key signature and time signature. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation consists of three staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment. It maintains the same key signature and time signature. The system concludes with a double bar line.

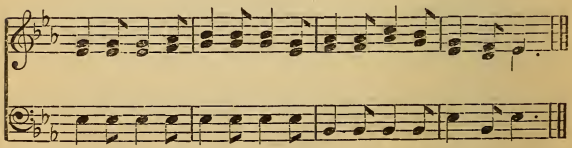
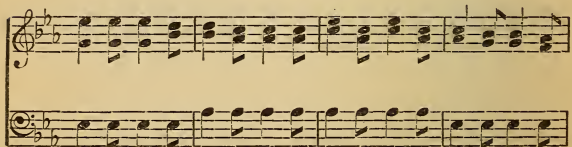
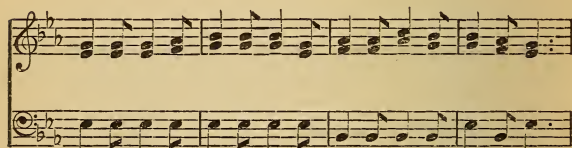
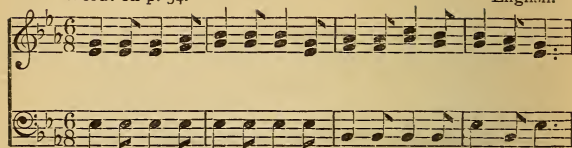
## CHORUS.



## HE IS RISEN.

Words on p. 54.

English.



## INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
A crown of glory bright.....	81
Angels, from the realms of glory.....	8
Anywhere with Jesus.....	106
Arise, ye children, and adore.....	53
Around the throne of God in heaven.....	82
Art thou weary, art thou languid.....	29
As with gladness men of old.....	25
Beautiful Zion, built above.....	83
Beyond the river we soon shall go.....	84
Birds their Matin-Carol sing.....	45
Breaking through the clouds that gather.....	85
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.....	26
Brightly gleams our banner.....	59
Carol, sweetly carol.....	9
Christ hath arisen.....	46
Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.....	54
Come home, come home.....	69
Come, let us sing of Jesus.....	107
Crown Him with many crowns.....	108
Darkly now the shadows fall.....	3
Day by day our loved ones cross.....	86
Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole.....	109
Dear Saviour, ever at My side.....	110
Far out upon the prairie.....	61
Father, Thou art great and holy.....	111

	HYMN
Fight the good fight bravely.....	112
From Greenland's icy mountains.....	62
Gather around the Christmas Tree.....	10
Glory, and praise, and honor.....	113
Glory be to Jesus.....	30
God bless our School.....	114
Hail ! blessed Christmas day.....	11
Hail ! to the brightness which heralds.....	47
Hallelujah ! hark ! from above.....	12
Hark, a voice across the ages.....	115
Hark ! hark ! my soul ! angelic songs are.....	116
Hark ! 'tis the watchman's cry.....	5
Hear, O sinner ! mercy hails you.....	105
He is risen ! He is risen.....	48
He leadeth me ! O blessed thought.....	117
Holy, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty.....	57
Holy Spirit, faithful Guide.....	56
How precious is the story.....	13
I am waiting by the river.....	87
I gave My life for thee.....	38
I have a Father in the promised Land.....	119
I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glory.....	67
I heard the voice of Jesus say.....	31
I know there's a crown for the saints.....	120
I lay my sins on Jesus.....	32
I love to hear the Story.....	121
I love to tell the Story.....	74
I need Thee every hour.....	122
I need Thee, precious Jesus.....	123
I saw the cross of Jesus.....	39
I think, when I read that sweet story of old.....	124



HYMN

I was a wandering sheep.....	125
I will pray, I will pray.....	99
I would be Thy little lamb.....	100
If I come to Jesus.....	101
In the Christian's home in glory.....	88
In the cross of Christ I glory.....	40
In the highways and hedges go seek for the lost....	126
Jerusalem, the golden.....	89
Jesus, holy, undefiled.....	1
Jesus keep me near the cross.....	44
Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me .....	102
Jesus the Water of Life will give.....	68
Joyfully, joyfully onward we move.....	127
Keep Thou my way, O Lord.....	104
Lead, kindly Light.....	4
Lead me to Jesus.....	128
Lead us ! heavenly Father, lead us .....	58
Let the merry church bells ring .....	49
Like the sound of many waters.....	14
List our merry carol.....	15
Little hands may sow the sod .....	103
Lo ! He comes in clouds descending.....	6
Lo ! He's knocking at every heart.....	70
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.....	33
Merry, merry Christmas everywhere.....	16
My days are gliding swiftly by.....	129
Naught of merit or of price.....	41
Nearer, my God, to Thee.....	34
Now be the Gospel banner.....	63

	HYMN
O blessed Lord Jesus, we sing to Thy praise.....	17
O little town of Bethlehem.....	18
O, think of a home over there.....	90
Oh, bliss of the purified.....	42
Oh do not be discouraged.....	130
Oh, say have you heard of the mansions of light...	91
Oh, the beautiful Hereafter.....	92
Oh when shall I dwell in a mansion all bright.....	93
Oh won't you be a Christian.....	71
Once, in royal David's city.....	19
Once was heard the song of children.....	131
One there is above all others.....	132
Onward, Christian soldiers.....	60
Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.....	55
Out on an ocean all boundless we ride.....	133
Pass me not, O gentle Saviour.....	35
Peace upon earth ! the angels sang.....	20
Pray without ceasing lest tempters prevail.....	134
Preserved by Thine almighty power.....	135
Raise the banner of the cross.....	136
Rescue the perishing.....	64
Ring out the anthem, Jesus lives.....	50
Ring out the bells for Christmas.....	21
Safe in the arms of Jesus.....	137
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.....	138
Saviour, Thy dying love.....	86
Saw you never in the twilight.....	27
Shall we gather at the river.....	94
Silent night ! Holy night.....	22
Sowing the seed by the daylight fair.....	75

	HYMN
Stand up—stand up for Jesus.....	139
Stay thee, weary wandering child.....	72
Strike! O strike for victory.....	140
Sweet hour of prayer.....	141
Take the name of Jesus with you.....	142
Tell me the Old, Old Story.....	143
The great Physician now is near.....	144
The morning bright.....	2
The Saviour of this sinful world.....	23
The world itself keeps Easter day.....	51
There is a realm where Jesus reigns.....	95
There is no name so sweet on earth.....	145
There is work to do for Jesus.....	76
There's a beautiful land of song.....	96
There's a cry from Macedonia.....	65
There's a Friend for little children.....	146
There's a gentle voice within calls away.....	147
There's a land that is fairer than day.....	97
There were ninety and nine.....	43
To-day our blessed Saviour.....	52
To the work! to the work.....	77
Wake the song of joy and gladness.....	118
Watchman, tell us of the night.....	7
We are coming, blessed Saviour.....	98
We are marching to the river.....	148
We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love...	36
We shall meet beyond the river.....	149
We shall meet in the by-and-by.....	151
We three kings of Orient are.....	28
What a Friend we have in Jesus.....	152

	HYMN
We 've listed in a holy war.....	150
What means this eager, anxious throng .....	37
When little Samuel woke.....	153
While the sun is warm and bright.....	154
Who 'll be the next to follow Jesus.....	73
Why do your hearts repine.....	155
Wonderful night.....	24
Work, for the Master calleth us to-day .....	79
Work, for the night is coming.....	80
Yes ! a brighter morn is breaking.....	66



## INDEX OF TUNES.

Christmas Carol.....	168
Gather around the Christmas tree.....	167
Hail ! blessed Christmas day.....	161
Hail ! to the brightness.....	164
He is risen.....	170
Little town of Bethlehem.....	166
Ring out the anthem.....	162
Ring out the bells.....	165
The Easter morning.....	163







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